

TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 10, 1955

THE BULL MARKET
with a
Business Review & Forecast

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chazotte

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VOL. LXV NO. 2



Above, you see the Thunderbird. Its long, low lines have caused a sensation on the highways as has no car styling before it. And it was these lines that inspired the styling of the 1955 Ford. The '55 Ford, as shown below, features the same sleek silhouette . . . the same beautiful design, front and rear.

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LETTERS

Fence in the Sky

Sir:

Perhaps your story on General Ben Chidlaw and the Continental Air Defense Command [Dec. 20] will make the people of the U.S. a little more aware of what conditions and threats do exist . . . General Chidlaw's fence needs the efforts of every American to hold it up . . .

(A/1st C.) JOHN HOLMES

Rockville, Ind.

Sir:

I learned more about America's air defense from your article than I did from 25 months in the 662nd and 664th Aircraft Control & Warning Squadrons . . .

BLANCE A. WENTZ

Athens, Ga.

Sir:

Your article is the first appropriate rejoinder to the advocacy of "preventive war" and heated belligerency ever published in a journal of notable circulation since the establishment of the United Nations ten years ago. It should also serve to defeat the purposes of those twisted personalities who would have us engage at the earliest opportunity the forces of destruction for the stabilizing of social and economic conditions on a global scale. The significance of your evaluation of America's air defenses at home, coupled with your excellent report of Great Britain's air strength, cannot fail to be discerned by even the most obtuse mind . . .

J. PAUL MORRIS JR.

Haverford, Pa.

Sir:

Your article on General Chidlaw recalled my short but impressive acquaintance with him. In Italy, in 1944, the general (then, one star) invited me on a ride in his Piper Cub to "look over some new airfields." I happily accepted. As we kept flying north and beyond the front lines at less than 2,000 feet, it developed the general had neglected to mention that the new airfields were still in enemy hands. My concern was no doubt ill-concealed because the general turned to me, showed me his .45 and said, "Don't worry, we're armed." I'm happy to see him with four stars today—and better armed.

WILLIAM WYLER

Hollywood

54 in '55

Sir:

MY SINCERE THANKS TO BORIS CHALIAPIN AND TIME [Dec. 27] FOR A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT . . . POSTSCRIPT AS TO MY BEING A "CHEERFUL MONOMANIAC"—MAYBE SO, BUT THERE'S ONE THING OF WHICH I AM SURE; I WAS ONLY 53 ON DEC. 5.

WALT DISNEY

BURBANK, CALIF.

The Bell Ringers

Sir:

Re your Dec. 20 article on those English bell ringers: those fellows may not have bats in their belly but they sure have bells in their bathos. It plainly shows that you don't have to be crazy to be an Englishman, but that it sure helps.

WILLIAM B. PECK

Endicott, N.Y.

Sir:

Change ringing is a truly fascinating art. It is a great pity that there are so few peals of such bells in this country . . . I'm surprised you didn't note in your story that Groton School, Groton, Mass., has . . . a very fine peal of eight bells . . . I enjoyed the rare privilege of being on the bell ringers squad, ringing the tenor bell through many a course of "rounds"—plain hunting on seven bells, Queens, Whittingtons (Dick), Grandshire Doubles and Triples, etc. As schoolboys we had our difficulties learning and executing these simpler changes and not infrequently each of us had the opportunity to know how Conductor Eric Critchley felt when he missed his "bob." A most monstrous din can crash forth when the order of the bells or the timing gets fouled up (our tower louvers were shattered too!) . . .

STUART H. CLEMENT JR.

Rye, N.Y.

Papa's Prize (Contd.)

Sir:

Ernest Hemingway did not tell the whole story of the boxing match at which he [as referee] was introduced as "a world-famous millionaire sportsman and playboy" [Dec. 13]. I was there in Key West that night. The 33-year-old Cuban fighter, who . . . wanted one last bout before he retired, was matched against an 18-year-old Negro

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Don't be a target for WINTER AILMENTS!

The raw and chilly months of winter used to be dreaded because of the serious health threats that came with them. Pneumonia, for instance, was especially feared.

Just a few years ago, this disease claimed one out of every three of its victims. Now, fortunately, the threat of pneumonia is much less serious because the sulfa drugs and antibiotics are so effective in most cases.

Pneumonia is still dangerous when treatment is delayed. This was shown in a recent study of 15,000 cases. The case-fatality rate was *twice* as high for patients treated after the fourth day of illness as for those treated earlier. This is why you should call the doctor immediately when you suspect pneumonia. When treated promptly, pneumonia can usually be cured in a surprisingly short time.

What can you do to escape becoming a target for pneumonia? One of the wisest things is to take proper care of yourself when you have a cold. In nine out of ten cases of pneumonia, colds occur before pneumonia develops.

Should you "come down" with a cold, stay at home and rest in bed, eat lightly and drink plenty of liquids. *If a cold persists . . . and especially if you develop a slight fever . . .*

get in touch with your doctor promptly.

High fever makes the difference between a "slight cold" and a "serious cold," because it usually means that complications have developed. If, in addition to fever, you also have *chills, painful coughing or difficult breathing*, report these symptoms to your doctor at once, for they almost invariably indicate pneumonia.

While winter is upon us, it is important to protect your general health. You may do this if you get all the sleep you need, eat a balanced diet and avoid exposure to severe weather unless properly dressed. In addition, keep away from anyone already suffering from a respiratory ailment.

By guarding your health, your resistance to colds, virus infections and pneumonia may be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

If you would like more information on how to help avoid becoming a target for winter ailments, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free copy of its booklet, *Respiratory Diseases*. Just fill in the coupon below and one will be mailed to you.

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light-heavy with a head shaped like an acorn. To everybody's astonishment, the Cuban gave the husky black boy such a pasting that his seconds threw in the towel. The Negro thought he was being cheated, leaped out of his corner and attacked the referee. Hemingway had a notebook in his left hand, a pencil in his right . . . and was trying to remove his glasses while the young fighter was hammering at him. From the first row, where I was sitting, I went up through the ropes and punched the Negro (I am anything but a warrior, but I have a built-in admiration for good prose, and you can't let a writer as unique as Hemingway lose an eye). By that time Hemingway had his glasses in his pocket, he was still holding the notebook, but took on the fighter, with one hand, and he was going good, as he would say, when the cops stopped it. The cops were not admirers of prose, but they were admirers of Hemingway . . .

GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Varadero, Cuba

Judgment on a Judgment

Sir:

TIME's Nov. 29 reprint of a recent *Commonweal* article which viciously attacked the Vice President departed from TIME's fine reputation for fairness. The article contained gross inaccuracies and inferences . . . The facts are that Vice President Nixon did not accuse the Democrat Party of being pro-Red or treasonable, as inferred by *Commonweal*. The facts are that the security risk figures mentioned in his speeches were released officially by the Civil Service Commission . . . *Commonweal* makes wild charges of demagoguery against the Vice President. It does not, however, cite any specific facts which back up its assertions that the Vice President erred or uttered misstatements concerning the security program. *Commonweal*, shooting from the hip, commits the very sin of demagoguery of which it accuses Richard Nixon. Incidentally, TIME labels *Commonweal* a Roman Catholic weekly. The National Catholic Welfare Conference advises that it is a completely unofficial publication and does not reflect church policy.

PATRICK J. HILLINGS

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

¶ TIME always has made, and will continue to make, its own judgments on issues and people. But TIME believes that the views of others are part of the news, if they are reasonably or forcefully stated, hence TIME's JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES section. Such a judgment was Roman Catholic *Commonweal*'s view of Vice President Nixon's campaigning.—Ed.

World Economic Plan (Contd.)

Sir:

Re your fine article "New Front in the Cold War" [TIME, Dec. 13]: the question often and aptly put to the American businessman abroad is: "If your ingenuity and technology is all you claim it to be, why are you unwilling to compete with foreign production on an even basis?" The cause of world peace could be given a mighty boost by the institution of free trade—but the U.S. alone must take the lead.

Torreon, Mexico

PAUL E. REED

Sir:

. . . You disclosed the power behind the free-trade drive when you reported "U.S. productive capacity is outstripping domestic demand and the result is thousands of businessmen are seeking bigger outlets abroad." There is a limit to the total dollar volume of

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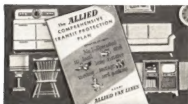
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both foreign and domestic trade in domestic consumption. To maintain a healthy domestic economy we must consume all of our own production plus the imports, else the mounting inventories depress values to depression levels. We must not add world supplies to domestic supplies . . . We simply cannot consume that much production . . .

PAUL T. BEARDSLEY

Lawson, Mo.

Sir:

Your article offers the only possible alternative to a global war of inestimable dimensions . . .

The people of Asia . . . need to be liberated from hunger, disease and ignorance. We must combat Communism by raising the standard of living of these people, and this means that these countries must be industrialized. Industrialization depends upon capital, technical assistance, and trade. In other words, American capital must be invested, technical assistance must be given, and our tariff rates must be lowered . . .

KENNETH L. SMITH

Chester, Pa.

Pistol Pete, Hero

Sir:

I was very much surprised to read about Charley Gilliland being awarded, posthumously, the Medal of Honor [Dec. 13]. When I joined . . . the 3rd Division's 7th Infantry Regiment in 1950, Gilliland was already somewhat of a minor legend. The men of the company called him "The Sheriff" because of his western mustache and Gary Cooperish drawl. The rest of the battalion called him "Pistol Pete," because of his habit of collecting numerous weapons. At one time he carried, besides his 20-lb. Browning automatic, an Army issue .45, two revolvers, a chrome-plated automatic, and a Russian burp gun. His pockets and boot tops were crammed full of ammo for his weapons. A favorite saying among the men was that if an enemy bullet ever hit Gilliland he would explode. His heroism is the kind that is found only in the very young. He had an almost desperate desire to be admired and looked up to. It is a pity he died. The adulation he would have received would have been fruit for his soul.

DAN M. SULZINGER

Los Angeles

The Overstuffed Chair

Sir:

Reviewing recent publications of poetry [Dec. 20], you complain, "The work of younger poets, many of them wrapped in the academic cocoon of teaching, was downright dreary." What you are complaining about is not the younger poet, but the not-so-younger poet. The younger poet can't be downright dreary or even mildly boring, since he can't get that much of his work published. The older poets are the ones who fill the reviews. They continue, like hairs on the corpse of the roaring twenties, to show some species life. Having published a couple of slim volumes . . . they retire to chairs of creative writing. There, deep in the overstuffing of tenure, faculty, good manners, and undergraduate adulation, they develop a poetic secretary's spread. The crime is compounded, since most of the reviews are run by university groups. Favors beget favors beget favors to the sole delight of the Goddess of Dullness; and Grub Street now detours down the hall between seminar room and payroll office . . . But don't blame the universities. They are keeping alive those who like to eat as well as write honestly . . .

O. B. HARDISON JR.

Knoxville, Tenn.



bridge to progress

Decentralization!

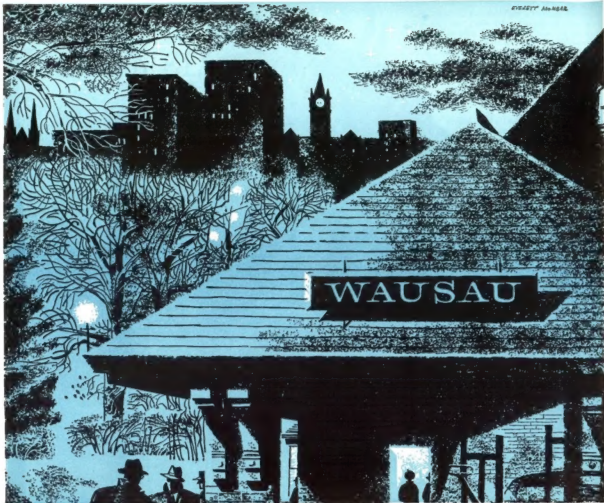
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This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 43 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided the company from the very beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

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want to lose. We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower costs to policyholders.

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Employers Mutuals of Wausau



*"Good people to do
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER
FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader: In our SPORT section this week, we present an unusual four-page portfolio of bird paintings in full color. They were done (some especially for TIME, the others for Manhattan's Linlo House) by British-born Dennis Puleston, who has led a spectacularly adventurous life for a man devoted to such a gentle pursuit—so spectacular that I should like to tell you more about him.

Puleston, who was 47 last week, has always sketched birds in his spare time—whether commuting from Leigh-on-Sea to a bank in London or hunting buried treasure off Hispaniola, or being initiated into a Samoan clan, or traveling "hard" class across Russia, or training troops to land on Omaha Beach.

"I started drawing birds from life when I was six, because they fascinated me so much," he explains. "Whenever I catch a glimpse of a bird whizzing past, it makes such an impression on my mind that I itch to get it down on paper." Puleston is self taught, though he had a family background that fitted him well for bird painting: his mother was an artist, and a favorite uncle took him on bird walks when he was still a toddler.

Well-versed in naval architecture and navigation, Puleston left his bank job in 1931, and, with one companion, sailed across the Atlantic in the 31-ft. yawl *Uldra*. For six years he adventured around the world, and stopped barely long enough to get married; his honeymoon (with the former Elizabeth Ann Wellington of Manhattan) was spent on a 110-ft. vessel sailing from San Francisco to Tahiti. Puleston took time out to write a sensitive travel

Tommy Walter



book, *Blue Water Vagabond* (Doubleday), and to do a few bird paintings—most of which he gave away as presents. He was surprised when friends asked to buy them.

At war's beginning, Puleston laid aside his brushes and went back to the drawing board with a T square. He was one of the team that designed the DUKW ("duck") for U.S. amphibious warfare, and was tagged to train crews for the monsters. This took him back to the South Pacific and on to Burma (where his back was broken in a landing accident), then Omaha Beach and, at war's end, Okinawa.

Now head of the Technical Information Division at Brookhaven National Laboratory and a member of two panels of the Atomic Energy Commission, Puleston lives at marsh's edge in the Long Island village of Brookhaven. From the window he can see his 34-ft. yawl, the *Heron*, or look across Great South Bay to waterfowl feeding grounds. Bird painting is strictly a hobby, pursued in a corner of his dining alcove, usually amid the clatter and commotion set up by four children (aged five to 14) and an assortment of pets.

Southpaw Puleston works from his own freehand sketches and color notes, and consults museum bird skins (stuffed but unmounted). Each delicately brushed watercolor takes 15 to 20 hours. "When I'm going full blast every free evening," says Puleston, "I can finish a painting in about a week."

Last week Puleston laid aside his brushes and took up binoculars to join in the annual splurge of Christmas bird counting reported in *SPORT*. He was one of a Viking-blooded group which chartered a fishing boat to cruise the Atlantic off Long Island and New Jersey, prepared to brave arctic weather in return for arctic rarities. Actually he ran into bluebird weather and logged a disappointing twelve species, including nothing more noteworthy than 95 gannets. He did better on another count near his home in Suffolk County. That party tallied 89 species, including two stragglers from the far north: the white-winged and red crossbills. Says Puleston philosophically: "Birds are where you find them." And you will find Puleston's birds beginning on page 65.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner



Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., and her young son Donald

"I WASN'T ALONE ANY MORE"

Most of us know what it is like to have a telephone. But have you ever thought what it would be like if it wasn't there, even for a little while?

Here are some good words along that line from Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr.

"When we moved into our new house," she told us a few weeks ago, "I felt a little strange—with a young baby and all—and I couldn't seem to get a feeling of being settled and at home.

"Then the telephone was put in. And suddenly everything seemed different. I could call people! I felt better about being by myself in the house with the baby. I felt better about my mother who had been ill in Boston. And about my husband in uniform far away.

"And then I realized that it wasn't just the telephone calls I could make—it was that people could call me if necessary. I wasn't alone any more."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Reminding you that someone, somewhere, would like to hear your voice today.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

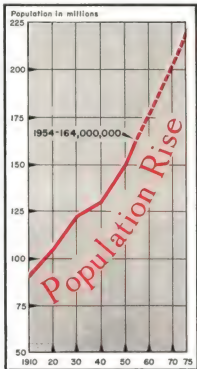
Of People & Plenty

An advertising-agency researcher, looking for material on the spending habits of the higher income brackets, asked a library for a book called *People of Plenty*. The book she got seemed over-full of vital statistics. She took another look at the title: *Plenty of People*. Both books are timely—and closely connected.

At 1954's end the U.S. Census Bureau estimated that the population was 163.9 million, up an amazing 3,800,000 in a year. Nearly all of this is natural increase. *I.e.*, excess of births (rate: 25.2 per 1,000) over deaths (rate: 9.2 per 1,000). Immigration, which around 1910 increased the U.S. population by about 1% a year, is now down to about a tenth of 1%.

Only a few years ago a rate of population increase as high as the present one would have brought howls of impending calamity. Malthus had "proved" that people tended to increase faster than their food supply. Actually, in the century before 1950 world food production increased slightly faster than numbers of people. In the U.S., food supply increased much faster. An 1870 U.S. farm family produced enough to feed itself and one other family; a 1954 farm family produced enough to feed seven other families. It now seems as if Malthus' opponent, William Godwin, was right in predicting the day when the world's food could be grown in a flowerpot. Last week University of California scientists announced that they had artificially performed nature's basic process of plant life, photosynthesis.

Very little is known about the subtle and important relationships between population growth and economics. But enough is known to discredit Malthus. Americans take present population figures as a promise of more prosperity. Gone, for the first time in history, is the worry over whether a society can produce enough goods to take care of its people. The lingering worry is whether it will have enough people to consume the goods. The population figures seem to insure that the U.S. will; the rate of growth is the strongest buttress of confidence in the continuation of unprecedented prosperity (*see BUSINESS*). Every recent prediction of a U.S. depression has proved wrong; the business indexes have turned up again, pushed by the population index.



TIME CHART BY V. PUGLISI

In 1940 demographers estimated that the 1975 population would be 180 million. Now the Census Bureau believes that the 1975 population could be 221 million. Nobody is alarmed. At low and static levels of technology, more people bring misery and famine. In an advancing technology, more people mean more plenty.

THE PRESIDENCY

Ratified & Gratified

The worry-wart reporters covering President Eisenhower's holiday at the Augusta National Golf Club last week began to get on Press Secretary James C. Hagerty's nerves. Hagerty finally handed out lapel buttons reading "Relax." That was hard for the reporters to do, and even harder for Dwight Eisenhower. Most of his Georgia vacation was spent working, worrying and waiting.

Ike worked long hours polishing and redrafting his State of the Union Message for delivery this week. He also worked out details of his other messages to the new Congress. The schedule: Jan. 10, a mes-

sage requesting an expanded foreign-trade program; Jan. 11, a message requesting an increase in postal rates and increases in postal and civil-service pay; Jan. 13, a message requesting increases in military pay; Jan. 17, the Budget Message; Jan. 20, the Economic Message; Jan. 24, a message on health, requesting Congress to revive Ike's health-reinsurance plan; Jan. 27, a message requesting a \$50 billion highway program.

Every day the President conferred by long-distance telephone with John Foster Dulles in Washington. The subject was, naturally, the vexing and dilatory conduct of the French National Assembly (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). The presidential plane *Columbine III* stood, almost like a getaway car, fully fueled and ready to rush Ike back to Washington if the French refused to ratify the Paris accords.

When, toward week's end, the French Assembly finally approved West German rearmament, Ike issued a formal statement that called the vote a matter of "great gratification." Relieved of the necessity for an agonizing reappraisal, Ike had a few days of relative relaxation before flying back to Washington this week for a conference with G.O.P. congressional elders on his legislative program for the 84th Congress.

THE CONGRESS

Footwork

This week, as the U.S. Capitol vibrated with the bustle of its biennial rite, the convening of a new Congress, lawmakers were engaged in two kinds of positioning. On the surface, Democrats were taking control from Republicans with hearty promises of bipartisan cooperation on foreign policy, and arranging themselves according to time-honored courtesies and the unwritten rules of seniority. Beneath the surface, the political footwork was livelier, with every step taken in anticipation of the 1956 campaign.

Texas' Sam Rayburn will relieve Massachusetts' Joe Martin of the Speakership, but not of his office suite. Mr. Sam, weary of swapping offices, told Joe to stay on in the Speaker's rooms. After 32 years in the Senate, Georgia's patriarchal Walter George, senior Democrat since the 1952 defeat of Tennessee's fiery-eyed Kenneth McKellar, will win the prestige of McKellar's old title, Senate President *pro tempore*.

Washington focused a lively interest

last week on Oregon's Senators. Freshman Dick Neuberger flew in, after lunching in Chicago with Adlai Stevenson, to be festively entertained by Fair-Dealing Columnist Doris Fleson and, on New Year's Day, by Colleague Wayne Morse. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, recognizing that Democrats owe Morse their control of the Senate, will give him committee posts as good as or better than the ones from which the Republicans ousted him two years ago. And following his policy of finding at least one good committee berth for each newcomer, Johnson has Neuberger in mind for the Labor and Public Welfare Committee.

Such are among the victor's spoils; but what is their course of action? Senate Leader Johnson has rejected, on the ground that it would breed dissension in the party, proposals that the Democrats

THE ADMINISTRATION The Tricky Gooch Syndrome

In Korea John Cassity, an Army officer from Grantsville, Utah, once ran across "a real stupid-looking fellow"—a Korean civilian whom the Americans called Mortimer Gooch. Gooch "cleaned up around a tent in headquarters and seemed so dull that it was difficult even to give him orders. When he was finally fired, he pretended to be so stupid that he didn't know he was fired, and kept coming back." Later, Cassity came to believe that the dull Korean was really a Communist spy in disguise. Eventually, Cassity went back to civilian life and became chief security officer at the Agriculture Department in Washington, but he never forgot his impression of tricky Mortimer Gooch.

Last week Security Chief Cassity ex-

A newsmen pointed out that Ladejinsky's articles were scholarly studies exposing Soviet failures, not violent anti-Communist tirades. "They were anti-Communist enough for Tass [the Soviet news agency] to attack them," snapped Cassity quickly. "Those anti-Communist articles alone would have been enough to bother me."

Next day another kind of nonsense cropped up. To support the security action against Ladejinsky, another Agriculture Department official showed reporters a letter from a White Russian refugee named George Vitt, noting that "a goodly share of [Russian] revolutionaries were found among the Russian Jews." Senator Hubert Humphrey promptly called for action "at the White House level" to reinstate Ladejinsky; other Democrats talked of a congressional investigation. The Agriculture Department quickly denied that "anti-Semitism played any part in the Ladejinsky case." Refugee Vitt said that some of his best friends were Jews, and that the DOA had violated its promise by publishing the letter Vitt meant to be used "circumspectly." It looked as if some people in Agriculture would be well cast in the role of Mortimer Gooch, the man who was so dumb it must have been premeditated.

ARMED FORCES

Lucky Bred Privates

Last week Army draftees learned that 44,000 of them will be discharged a month or two ahead of schedule in May and June to help the Army reach its new manpower cut of 73,000 men by the middle of the year. Lowered draft calls, 11,000 in February compared to January's 23,000, and early discharge of approximately 3,400 Reserve lieutenants will make up the rest of the cut.

Not so lucky were new recruits. Last week President Eisenhower issued an executive order cutting off, for those recruited after Jan. 31, many veterans' benefits added after the start of the Korean war. Included were: educational allowances, G.I. loan guarantees, and pension payments for non-service-connected disabilities.

THE STATES

The Governors

They changed the beer in Yezzi's place last week. Over the bar of the State Street saloon, where Albany politicians hang out, now flows Genesee beer, made by Louis Wehle. New York's newly appointed conservation commissioner, Yezzi's was turning with the political wind; after twelve years of Republican rule, Averell Harriman, millionaire Democrat, was inaugurated as governor of New York, the nation's second biggest political job.

Trainloads of party stalwarts from New York City rolled into Albany for Harriman's inauguration. Hotels were jammed with the jubilant and the job-hungry.



OREGON'S SENATORS MORSE & NEUBERGER
R: resist that fling and avoid the sting.

work up a packaged program of their own. Instead, Democrats are planning a strategy that calls for: 1) buttressing party unity, even at the risk of inviting charges that Democrats are "going slow" or "turning conservative"; 2) sharpshooting at Republican disunity and at "those awful men around Ike," without getting stung by the President's personal popularity; and 3) reviewing the President's program, and attacking it on carefully chosen domestic issues.

The Republican counterattack is less clearly defined. President Eisenhower, who believes honesty is the best politics, has refused to demand legislation that he knows will not pass (e.g., Truman's civil-rights measures), although by doing so he could easily drive wedges among the Democrats. Accordingly, Republicans may strike at the Democrats' exposed position; they think they can make the Democrats regret in 1956 any failure to deliver the President's program.

plained why he blackballed Wolf Ladejinsky, famed U.S. agricultural attaché in Tokyo (TIME, Jan. 3). Ladejinsky, who fled Russia after the Bolshevik revolution (leaving three sisters there), vigorously opposed the Reds. His anti-Communist record, including articles in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, stretches back over 20 years. It turned out that Cassity suspected Ladejinsky of being another Mortimer Gooch. "You can't tell anything about a security problem by appearances," he said.

Cassity suspected Ladejinsky not merely in spite of the latter's anti-Communist record and writings but particularly because of them. "Would you write articles critical of the Communist government if close members of your family were living in Russia and you knew the tactics the Communists used?" he asked. Then he added darkly, "It is doubtful anyone would do it, unless he had reason to believe his family was safe."

come to celebrate or supplicate. Hotel parties went on all through the New Year weekend. The biggest: a cocktail party for several hundred people at the DeWitt Clinton, given by Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapio, New York's new secretary of state (Time, Dec. 27).

Amidst the tumult and the shouting moved "Honest Abe," like a well-dressed icicle, thin and sharp and distant. In his Mercury he drove from his Manhattan town house to the sprawling, old Executive Mansion in Albany, emerging for a dinner attended by a distinguished gathering of Democrats. Among the guests: Margaret Truman, former Air Secretary Thomas Finletter, two of President Roosevelt's old intimates and speechwriters, ex-Judge Samuel Rosenman and Playwright Robert Sherwood, and William Blair, aide to and ambassador from Adlai Stevenson.

In his inaugural speech Ave Harriman, 63, beginning his first elective job after 20 years of top appointive offices in Washington, promised "a bold and adventurous" program. His speech was anything but; even for a ceremonial event, the cliché count ran high (around 50) "The problems ahead are difficult, but they are not insuperable," said Harriman, a statement that was about typical and about right.

Harriman has given some top jobs to such oldtime New Dealers as Dr. Isador Lubin (ex-U.S. Commissioner of Labor Statistics) and Paul Appleby (ex-Under Secretary of Agriculture), with whom he once served in Washington. He has some immediate problems, notably a \$75 million rise in state operating costs, which might require an increase in state income taxes. Basically, he inherited an exceedingly sound administration from retiring Republican Governor Thomas E. Dewey. When Dewey left Albany, after twelve years in office, there was a leak in the



MICHIGAN'S SOAPY WILLIAMS
On with the green.

Executive Mansion, but there was also a \$142 million rainy-day surplus in the state treasury.

Thirty-three other states will get new governors this month. Among them:

California. Republican Goodwin J. ("Goody") Knight, who glows under the bright lights, arranged to be sworn in facing the cameras in the state's first televised inaugural ceremony. He also faced a lot of problems: California is running into the red at the rate of \$7,000,000 a month, might require more taxes to finance its forthcoming record \$1.5 billion budget. California farmers need irrigation water and Los Angeles needs fresh air.

Goody Knight had plans for everything. He pushed the \$1.2 billion state Feather River reclamation project, and he put out \$150,000 for a study of smog. He was happy, and so were his staff members: Goody, who used to keep them working far into the night, has been quitting at dinnertime since his recent marriage. His domestic bliss and political success are evident. He is on the friendliest terms with the state legislature, which is Republican-controlled. Goody Knight, rather than his fellow Californian, Vice President Dick Nixon, is likely to go to the 1956 G.O.P. Convention with control of California's big delegation.

Connecticut. This week the Governor's Foot Guard (organized in 1771), wearing uniforms similar to those of England's Coldstream Guards, escorts Abraham A. Ribicoff to a state inauguration at the Capitol in Hartford, climaxed by a ball (3,000 paying guests at \$25 a couple) with a grand march and a midnight supper. Thus will Abe Ribicoff realize the

American dream that, related in an emotional TV campaign speech ("That any boy could aspire to any position . . . and reach any heights"), helped to beat Republican John Lodge.

Hands-on Abe Ribicoff invited newspapermen to lunch at Bloomfield's Tumble Brook Country Club to outline his plans, told them he wants no pressagent—"a big press buildup is the worst thing that can happen to a man"—and demonstrated that he needs none. "I have always operated lean," said Ribicoff, talking economy. He wanted no lawyer on his staff either: "After all, that's what I am." He added modestly: "If possible, I would like to have an economist in my office."

South Dakota. Joseph Jacob Foss, 39, who won the Medal of Honor as a Marine fighter pilot for shooting down 26 Japanese planes, becomes the youngest governor in South Dakota's history this week, and invited everybody to his inauguration: "Come as you are." Easygoing Joe Foss decided to go into politics during a wartime defense-plant tour when he had to adorn platforms and listen to politicians orate.

After the war, Joe Foss turned down big-business offers ("I didn't want to be a dancing bear") to stay home in Sioux Falls, living with his family in a converted barracks (they now have three children). He ran a flying service and later a Packard agency, also commanded the state Air National Guard. No village fair was too small for him to put on a spectacular flying show.

Barely defeated in 1950, he won easily last November. He has "no special program in mind" and no special problems in sight. Generally, South Dakotans are prosperous, have tucked away an average of \$3,000 each in Government savings bonds alone. Says Joe Foss: "I didn't



CALIFORNIA'S GOODY KNIGHT
Into the red.



SOUTH DAKOTA'S JOE FOSS
Out of the blue.

make any campaign promises I can't keep."

Maine. Democrat Edmund Muskie takes office this week, and the Republican secretary of state, proclaiming him governor, will utter the traditional cry: "God save the State of Maine!" Young (40) Ed Muskie might also feel the need to invoke divine aid in dealing with a legislature that has six Democrats to 27 Republicans in the Senate, 34 to 117 in the

TEXAS

The Deerslayers

In the piney woods of East Texas, deer hunting is a way of life. The natives, hard, stern men, pursue deer after their own local, brutal fashion, behind powerful, lop-eared hounds. "Five, ten miles ain't no area for a big deer to carry the dogs," draws R. C. Pace, former sheriff of Jasper County. "Once I had one run twelve

shoulder and knocked him down. His brother Sterling was hit twice in the back, but fired back, wounding one hunter in the head and killing another. After about 30 shots, the hunters drove away with their casualties, leaving the two wounded brothers for dead. "It looked like a battleground," a deputy said later. "Bushes were shot away, trees were hit, and there was blood all over the road."

Quick & Dead. After the wounded and dead were brought into Jasper, the county seat (pop. 5,000, including eight millionaires), a curious crowd gathered in front of the hospital. Leola Garlington, sister of the wounded brothers, burst through the mob, screaming at Sheriff Martel Mixon: "You son of a bitch. It's all your fault! If you'd been doing your job, this would never have happened!"

Last week all the survivors were charged with assault to commit murder, but Sheriff Mixon held that Sterling Garlington, in critical condition with a collapsed lung and splintered spine, "had the right to kill in self-defense. The hunters were strictly the aggressors." The other Garlington and the wounded hunter were in a fair way to recover. At her family's isolated ranch house, Leola Garlington was bitter. "Those dogs come in, and they've killed all our goats and hogs and the little calves," she gritted. "We don't want dogs on our place. We run the place in our own way, and we don't want anybody bothering us."



Mont Vancor

THE GARLINGTONS & BRAHMAN BULL
More fights over dogs than women.

House. Wisely, he has appointed a Republican administrative assistant. Muskie, whose state victory last September heralded Republican national defeat in November, is the state's first Democratic governor in 20 years. He intends to cooperate with the G.O.P., believes that the constructive approach will build up Maine, his party, and his own chances for re-election in 1956.

Michigan. For his inauguration last weekend, Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams wore striped trousers, a black club coat, a pearl-grey vest, and his usual green polka-dotted bow tie. To Michigan both the clothes and the occasion were familiar. Soapy was starting his fourth term, and he seemed stronger than ever. He put Democrats on the ballot for almost every elective job in Michigan, and carried a good many with him. He compiled a list of 147 accomplishments in the last six years and a strong program for the next two, including a \$500 million bond program to finance new highways.

In the past Soapy usually blamed failure on the Republican state legislature. For this term the Michigan G.O.P. intends to give him what he wants, within reason, and let him take the blame for mistakes. It could be his greatest challenge yet, but Soapy is looking forward to another test. "Any person who would say he did not want to be President," he once said, "is not telling the truth."

hours. You can go a long way in twelve hours."

The deerslaying goes on all year long, without regard to game wardens, rules or seasons, bucks or does. "We get in fights," says a native, "get drunk, and go hunting. Nobody's going to stop us from doing any one." The deer hounds are a source of endless controversy between hunters and local cattlemen. "It's a commonplace," says Dr. Joe Dickerson, "Get more fights over dogs than women."

Bullets & Buckshot. One of the bitterest enemies of the hunters and their dogs is the Garlington family, a tough, aloof clan of ranchers who have prospered as breeders of Brahman cattle. Citizens with missing hounds look for them around the Garlington's 3,000-acre ranch; usually, they are shown the gate at gunpoint. "If you was to dig up their land," says a local woman, "you'd find dog bones every five feet."

On Christmas day, when six back-country hunters lost a dog, they piled angrily into two pickup trucks and with ready guns roared down the clay road to the Garlington ranch. On a roadside, near their fence, two Garlington brothers were waiting. "You sons of bitches!" someone shouted, and the shooting began.

A bullet hit Dalphin Garlington in the

* From left: Dalphin, Leola, Sterling and Mrs. S. P. Garlington

THE CAPITAL

The Flag That Was There

While Hurricane Hazel buffeted Washington one day last fall, a man appeared on the roof of the U.S. Capitol, and struggled to the flagpole over the west entrance. Working in the wind and rain, he ran down the American flag, took a brand-new one from a box and ran it up the staff. Then he quickly lowered it, raised the old flag and, clutching the new one, crept back downstairs. All year long, U.S. Capitol policemen go through this same ritual. They are fulfilling requests from Congressmen for flags that have "flown over the Capitol." Police Private Dix C. Boone (the Capitol's flag-raising specialist) spends as much as two hours a day, raising and lowering 40 or more flags.

Congressmen have sent worn and tattered Capitol flags to friends for decades. But the practice of running flags up the staff for a moment and then lowering them on a mass-production basis was an innovation of the late 1930s, its author a Congressman impatient at waiting for one of the regular flags to wear out. After World War II, a few newspaper feature stories spread the word, and the souvenir flag market has now gone wild. More than 1,000 flags have been dispatched to congressional constituents in 1954, compared with 46 in 1941.

The obliging Congressmen pay \$6.50 (the price at the congressional stationery store). A new flag of the same make that has never flown over the nation's Capitol costs \$13.70 retail.

NEW YORK

Sic Transit Gloria

In the mid-1930s, many a U.S. housewife without so much as a Cadillac to call her own wrung her hands in anguish over the plight of a pathetic, ten-year-old waif named Gloria Vanderbilt. Fatherless at two, Gloria was heir to a trust fund totaling some \$3,000,000, and nobody seemed to love her for her wide-eyed, wispy self alone. In one of the most relentlessly publicized custody fights of all time, little Gloria's mother, the gadabout "big Gloria" Morgan Vanderbilt, and her aunt, the redoubtable, socialite art lover, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, traded haymakers of innuendo and insult across the courtroom while character witnesses culled from the bluebooks of two continents spoke up for one claimant or the other. Gloria herself sat through the trial sipping endless glasses of water and watching in bewilderment the storm that blew about her head. "All during that trial," she said later, "I kept saying to myself that when I grow up, I'll marry and have a lot of children and I'll love them so much that they'll never be unhappy."

Despite a petition signed by 300 "East Side Mothers," urging the trial judge to "give this mother back to her child," the court sided with Gloria's aunt. Under her care Gloria did in time grow up and did indeed marry. At the age of 17, a dark-eyed beauty with a sulky mouth in the Katharine Hepburn style, she swept down the aisle of a Santa Barbara church on the arm of an obscure, two-fisted, once-divorced actor's agent and became Mrs.

Pat Di Cicco. "What can one say about a first marriage," gushed Gloria, "except that it's wonderful?" The marriage, so oddly and prophetically labeled "first," lasted nearly three years and three months.

Furtive Publicity. In 1945, at the age of 21, with the ink still wet on her final decree from Di Cicco, Gloria embarked upon her second marriage—this time with Conductor Leopold Stokowski, then 63, a divorced veteran of two previous marriages and of a well-publicized journey (to Tunis, Stockholm, and Ravello's Villa Cimbrone) with Greta Garbo. Like Garbo and Leopold themselves, Gloria had by this time developed a considerable talent for gaining publicity by seeming to avoid it. Her furtive elopement with the famed maestro from the town of Truckee, Calif., was attended by at least one reporter. At her first accouchement she took the precaution of registering at the hospital under a false name, thereby assuring detailed reports of the event in the newspapers. Nevertheless, during her first few years of marriage as Mme. Stokowska (she was very fussy about the Polish feminine ending), Gloria lived in relative obscurity.

In the small Manhattan apartment where the Stokowskis first set up housekeeping, Leopold busied himself with his music while Gloria flitted happily from one enthusiasm to another. She tried her hand now at painting, now at poetry, now at modeling and even philanthropy, but always kept her own concerns second to those of the maestro. For a while, the care of her two sons, Stanislaus and Christopher, occupied most of her time.

Always Hopeful. About two years ago, Gloria's urge to stand in the spotlight on her own began to get the best of her—and Leopold as well. Last year, having tried a one-man show of her paintings without conspicuous success, she took a fling at acting in summer stock. Stokowski, who failed to attend her premiere, was notably noncommittal. "I am always hopeful," he said, "for the development of new talent."

But last month, as Gloria's New York debut with Franchot Tone in a minor role in *The Time of Your Life* at the City Center theater was announced, Gloria was seen more and more in the company of escorts quite obviously not her husband. Stokowski friends were frank to predict: "A breakup is inevitable. It's only a question of when and how."

Last week they had their answer. Gloria moved out of the twelve-room Stokowski apartment and into the Ambassador Hotel. On the arm of Crooner Frank Sinatra, at the opening of a new Manhattan musical, Mme. Stokowska confirmed the news. "But," she said, "I don't think I can say any more than that my husband and I have separated." Next day, still escorted by Frankie, and tastefully clad in mink over shocking-pink cotton stockings ("They're divinely warm," she said), Gloria played hide-and-seek with the press, pausing only to insist that "this separation has nothing to do with any third person." Courteously to the last, her abandoned husband took pity on newsmen stamping their feet in the cold outside his Gracie Square home and invited them in for hot coffee, served, a grateful reporter noted, in cups of the finest English bone china.



Accompanied from
GLORIA STOKOWSKA & STANISLAUS, LEOPOLD & CHRISTOPHER STOKOWSKI

Into the spotlight and out of the house in pink cotton stockings and mink.

THE PISTOL AND THE CLAW

A new military policy for the age of atom deadlock

ON the day after Hiroshima, men began speculating on a future when two or more nations would be able to blow each other up. The appalling prospect formed a rim on the horizon; imagination would not penetrate beyond it. But when horizons are closely approached they always disclose new horizons farther on. Now the world is only a few steps (perhaps four or five years) away from absolute atomic deadlock, the point where the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. could destroy each other in all-out war, no matter which held a slight advantage and no matter which shot first.

As what was once a dim prospect takes the form of hard reality, strategic planners see that atomic deadlock does not offer a stark, final choice between absolute mutual destruction and perpetual peace based on absolute mutual fear. Speculation about the military landscape beyond 1960 begins to be filled with quite definite shapes of other alternatives, new ways of war that will be conditioned by new technological possibilities and by the political and strategic consequences of the top-level deadlock. Beneath that uneasy firmament the struggle between the free and Communist worlds will go on. Nations and whole continents may be won or lost—indeed either side may meet final defeat—without recourse to the ultimate attack.

In recent months this new basic concept of the military future has stirred the Pentagon to the depths. Signs of the new view appear in the current budget estimates and even in statements of foreign political policy. An examination of the new prospect can be made without recourse to secret material. Such a survey falls into two parts:

- ¶ Establishing the fact that absolute atomic deadlock is a real possibility for the near future.
- ¶ Pulling together public technical and military information and examining it in the light of possible deadlock in the absolute weapons.

THE APPROACHING DEADLOCK

AN analogy, currently popular in military circles, goes back to the nation's frontier days. Two men, their faces twisted in hatred and fear, confront each other across a card table. Each holds a revolver within inches of the other's breast, pointed unwaveringly at the heart. There they sit, each with the sure power to cause instant death, yet afraid to squeeze the trigger. For the one who

shoots first will himself be killed—by the reflex action of a dying man.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union already are near a stage where each has the power to smash the other into radioactive rubble. Yet with hundreds of bombers soon to be poised for instant take-off with thermonuclear bombs, neither nation could be confident of its power to stay the other's deadly reflexes.

Intercontinental missiles will hasten the day of deadlock already implicit in intercontinental airplanes with hydrogen bombs. For several years, the U.S., complacent of its ability to stay ahead of Russia in all things technological, has been daintily fingering missile projects. Its smugness was roughly shattered last year by intelligence reports of a Soviet breakthrough: the development of a rocket engine with a thrust of at least 240,000 lbs., which could be used as part of the power plant for a multi-stage intercontinental missile.

With that chilling report, an old Air Force program called Atlas was revived and thrown on a crash priority basis. Working also with such missile prototypes as the Northrop "Snark" and the North American "Navaho" (which have intercontinental range, but at speeds only comparable to current bomber types), the U.S. may be catching up. The prospect is that by 1960 both the U.S. and the Soviet Union will have missiles that can carry hydrogen payloads at 10,000 m.p.h. with a range of some 5,000 miles.

Missiles have a highly pertinent advantage over bombers, which need huge runways and surrounding installations. For the vast dispersion possibilities of missile launchers will greatly increase the reflex potential of any nation that is attacked. The intercontinental missile makes complete and inescapable the analogy of the card players, as far as the card-player scene goes. But card players cannot sit there forever, or alone. They must have friends to bring them food, allies whom they can inspire or intimidate to action outside the deadlock. And the atomic adversaries, unlike the pistol-bound card players, have means other than their main weapons with which they can claw at each other.

The tableau of international deadlock will not stay frozen. The goal of Communism is world domination. Atomic stalemate cannot change that goal; it can merely force a switch in method. The era of strategic deadlock is less likely to see a peaceful world than a busily vicious

one, boiling with limited wars. These will not necessarily be little wars. The only limitation is on the use of the ultimate strategic weapons against the Russian and American homelands. This development has been thoroughly previewed. When they were far behind in the collection of nuclear tools, when they knew the U.S. could destroy them, the Communists attacked in Korea. The U.S. limited its reply, Korea behind them, the Communists redoubled their interest in Indo-China. The U.S. answered with a threat of "massive retaliation"—which was not carried out. In those cases, the Reds relied on a U.S. reluctance which will be obviously much stronger when, by 1960, the Russians possess the means of annihilating the U.S.

A recent paper by the Center of International Studies at Princeton is regarded among Pentagon planners as the best statement of the danger of overdependence on the doctrine of massive retaliation. Korea and Indo-China, says the paper, are symbols (especially to the Communists) of how a nation that can massively retaliate may yet be challenged successfully. In the long run, the erosion of repeated U.S. failures of the Indo-China type could be nearly as disastrous as all-out thermonuclear war. Therefore the U.S. must do more than maintain its strategic deterrent; it must also establish a tactical deterrent. It must be able to punish local aggressions with such speed and force that the Communists will finally call a halt. This is the concept of the double deterrent to the wars of tomorrow. To the essential capacity of pulverizing the U.S.S.R. by thermonuclear strategic attack must be added a tactical claw—swift, deadly, flexible.

BEYOND THE DEADLOCK

AS general theory, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have accepted the idea of the double deterrent. Once the necessity and function of the tactical claw are grasped, some of its future characteristics become immediately apparent. Two essentials toward meeting the requirements of the claw are massive airlift and the determination—to use tactical atomic weapons. Despite opposition, the decision to use atomic weapons in limited wars seems to have been made. Secretary Dulles has said: "The present policies will gradually involve the use of atomic weapons as conventional weapons for tactical purposes." This week JCS Chairman Arthur Radford

said that the U.S. is ready to use the atomic weapon to repel any new aggression in Korea.

Within the framework of the tactical-deterrent concept, how will the wars of tomorrow be fought? How will the tactical claw be used to rip the enemy? As of now, there can be no hard and fast answers, and experiments must be secret. But the general political situation can be foreseen, and the technological possibilities are more or less known. Between them, they suggest some of the likely elements in the future development of the claw.

Air Strike. The first crackle of Red guns in remote lands will be the signal for the U.S. to smash back on the ground, from the sea and in the air. But the initial shock will still be borne by troops of the attacked nation. They should be trained and equipped by the U.S. for a limited mission: that of keeping communications lines open, forcing enemy troop concentration, and hanging on for dear life until help arrives.

That help will not be long in coming. Within minutes after the first alarm flashes into a central control headquarters of the U.S. Tactical Air Force, strike squadrons will be ready for almost immediate departure. They will be mostly based in the U.S., with only token forces (which, in the atomic age, can still pack an awful wallop) scattered around the world. The tactical squadrons will bear little resemblance to the one-purpose units of the past. Each will consist of 30 or more bombers, fighter-bombers, airborne tankers, cargo planes and communications aircraft. These will be welded in teams that can perform any tactical mission and can sustain themselves under battle conditions for at least 30 days without additional logistic support.

Already available to TACair are such items as "flyaway kits"—giant parcels containing enough spare aircraft parts to maintain a squadron for a month or more. Also packed in the bellies of the huge cargo planes will be necessary food, light kitchen equipment and clothing.

The basic TACair battle units might be four fighter-bombers. One will carry the atomic weapon. Another will act as coverman and possibly carry a high-altitude precision bombsight. The others will serve as tankers for the first two, and will themselves be refueled from a C-130 tanker a safe distance away from the battle area. Air-to-air guided missiles will be of key importance in seizing command of the air. The U.S. Navy, for example, now has in production the Sperry "Sparrow," a lethal little air devil that, rocket-powered and fully maneuverable at supersonic speeds when fired from jet aircraft, is electronically guided to seek out and destroy enemy planes. Also promising are missiles in the Boeing F-99 Bomarc category—pilotless fighters that may one day carry several of their own air-to-air missiles. Air Force Chief Nathan Twining says: "Mis-

siles will be launched from airplanes as well as against airplanes, and planes will be used to find and attack missiles while missiles are being used to find and attack planes."

To achieve real tactical flexibility, however, TACair faces the challenge of vastly reducing required runway lengths. Assistant Navy Secretary James H. Smith Jr. said recently: "Let me assure you that we know exactly what size bomb to use to lower the center of any man-made runway in the world to a depth of 100 feet. And you can be sure that any runway sunk that far will stay sunk." The Communists can be expected to have the same capability to render runways useless. Solving this problem is now a high priority TACair project, and one that has every prospect of success.

Sea Punch. As for the Navy, its task force of the future will be a far cry from the massed 100-ship armadas of World War II. Consisting of perhaps twelve vessels, each task force will be dispersed over an ocean area the size of Maine. Not more than one ship could be knocked out by the blast of any existing weapon. Somewhere—and the "where" will constantly change—within a massive defensive pattern will be the supercarrier, possibly with nuclear propulsion. From its deck will speed supersonic A-bombers (the Navy has great hopes for its new jet A4D Skyhawk) to furnish tremendous tactical firepower wherever needed.

Protecting the carrier will be the primary responsibility of the other fighting ships. Cruiser-based helicopters will drag sonic ears in the water, hunting out enemy submarines and killing them with such air-to-underwater guided missiles as the Fairchild "Petrel." Complex electronic detection systems will warn the task force of approaching enemy aircraft. From guided-missile destroyers and cruisers like the *Boston* and the *Camberra* (both scheduled to join the fleet this year) will storm fire screens of needle-nosed, radar-controlled "Terrier" missiles (successfully used in fleet exercises last year). Accompanying the force will be atom-powered submarines, e.g., the *Nautilus*, to move close to target areas and launch nuclear missiles.

The mission of the task force will be to 1) provide heavy firepower support to the fighting fronts, and 2) keep vital sea lanes open.

A highly promising new piece of Navy equipment is to be unveiled this week in the form of the Martin XP6M "Seamaster," planned as a 600-m.p.h. jet seaplane with a range of some 2,000 miles and the ability to carry nuclear or thermonuclear payloads. Units of three or four Seamasters could be based in lagoons, estuaries, gulfs and bays within striking distance of danger spots.

Technically operating under the Navy, but actually a most independent branch of the military, the U.S. Marine Corps is teeming with new ideas. It is the open intention of the Marines to move toward

the ability to carry all their fighting men in helicopters. They would be supported by nuclear bombs, rockets and artillery fire so as to create atom-scourged "beachheads" up to 70 miles inland. Having landed, some of the troops would secure supply and communications lines by moving back to the real beaches through "atomic sanitized corridors."

Ground Power. The U.S. Army is sure to have a role in the development of the claw. But ground-war planners have had less success than their Air and Navy colleagues in grouping their ideas around a central definition of the Army's responsibility in the wars of tomorrow. Lacking a clear mission, Army planners have been notably unable to convince the budgeteers. Result: of all the services, the U.S. Army this year received the harshest manpower slashes, and also suffered deep cuts in funds for its precious research and development program.

Nevertheless, present and imminent technological developments offer a fair picture of what the Army may look like. The first requirement, without which all else becomes moot, is enough airlift to transport quickly at least four strategic divisions and all their fighting tools from U.S. staging areas to any part of the globe. To achieve maximum effectiveness and security once in the arena of war, Army planners have evolved a "cellular"—as opposed to the traditional linear—system of offense. It will permit only 2,000 men in an area occupied by 8,000 to 10,000 in World War II. Such dispersion will impose heavy demands on communications, so the Army is developing what it calls "battlefield surveillance." This consists of sonic and electronic detection gear that will instantly track and report coordinates locating the origin of enemy fire. Recording devices could be planted along unprotected fronts to flash to control centers all unusual noises or movements on the ground and in the air. Some of the devices may detect the presence of enemy patrols and report their direction and approximate size. In control centers—probably electronics-packed trailers—communications men will receive the reports on oscilloscope-type screens.

Surface-to-surface missiles will add new sock to the Army's firepower punch. Among these is the "Honest John," already in the hands of troops. Mounted on a highly mobile, self-propelled launcher, Honest John is a free-flight artillery rocket that can carry atomic warheads some 15 miles. Another is the "Corporal," which can be guided by remote control to targets 100 miles away.

The breakthrough into new military ideas was long overdue. In the last decade the U.S. spent \$327 billions on defense, but had no military doctrine for anything short of World War III. The age of the double deterrent, of the pistol and the claw, is not a pretty prospect. But it is a prospect—and one around which a rational military policy can be built.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Triumph & Tragedy

In the dying hours of 1954, the deed at last was done. By the narrow but still sufficient margin of 27 votes, the French National Assembly ratified West German rearmament within NATO.

The vote, when it came, was a victory for the West and a defeat for the Russians. It was also a defeat for France. For four years and three months the West had been kept waiting by France. Last week, behind the public satisfaction expressed by Western statesmen, there was a relief that it would not be necessary again to wait for France.

For in accepting the Paris accords, France surrendered its last legal veto over

FRANCE

Reluctant Yes

Outside, newspaper headlines proclaimed the moment *décisif*. Long lines of Communist demonstrators stood solidly in the fog and rain, and in distant capitals, statesmen kept anxious watch. Inside the Palais Bourbon, Premier Pierre Mendès-France wrestled grimly with the French Assembly, trying to drag France back into the ranks of the Atlantic Alliance from which these same Deputies had all but resigned the week before.

The Deputies seemed somewhat sobered by the world's reaction to their 280-259 rejection of German admission to the Western European Union. The moderates, a 115-man group of splinter-party Depu-

Instantly, the Assembly's spoilers reacted. They argued that the WEU bill had been amended since last week and that a new bill had to be drafted. The Foreign Affairs Committee rejected Mendès' draft. He drafted another version, carrying an amendment by Gaullist Léon Noël, onetime ambassador to Poland, to create a watchdog committee on German rearmament. That made it a new bill, the spoilers declared, and it must have a new vote of confidence, which requires 24 hours' delay. Wearily, Mendès had to yield.

Next day, Noël blandly withdrew his amendment. It had lost its "utility," he explained. Socialist Chief Guy Mollet tried to bring the Deputies to a sense of reality with the most forceful speech of the twelve-day debate—and the first with high praise for the U.S.'s role. "Why is the question of German rearmament posed?" asked Mollet. "It's because of the policy conducted by the Soviet Union which menaces the peace of the world, and denies liberty to millions of men." Only the presence of U.S. troops in Europe could prevent a war, and only ratification of the Paris accords could assure the U.S. presence. "We must avoid the errors of the past. If there had been a single U.S. division in Europe in 1914 and 1938, neither Kaiser Wilhelm nor Hitler would have launched the catastrophes we have known."

But the deputies had hit upon a new dodge. Since they had approved German membership in NATO "to satisfy our allies," why couldn't they safely reject German rearmament and admission to WEU? Snapped Mendès: "This is a package deal, and there is no possibility of escaping from it." To the M.R.P. Mendès insisted: "There is no alternative solution, and it is no longer possible to proceed with new meetings. Our allies are not willing." Old Edouard Herriot quavered a plea for "some more time for reflection." Said Mendès: "We've had four years. We can't abuse the patience of our allies."

As he had all through the debate, Mendès argued not that the Germans had to be armed for France's safety, but that rearming the Germans would make negotiations with Russia more useful. Said Mendès: "If we reject the agreements... we shall be isolated from our allies. You may have a two-power or three-power conference, but France will not be there; we shall not be invited, because we will be practically have left the Atlantic Alliance."

By midnight, the Assembly was talked out. But the spoilers were not through. Since Noël had withdrawn his amendment, they insisted, it was a new bill requiring yet another 24 hours delay. Frantically, Mendès men paged Noël to get him to restore his amendment. Noël had gone home. A government minister telephoned him. Would he come back to the Assembly? Said Noël, who does not



EX-PREMIER HERRIOT ADDRESSING THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY
A thin majority delivered the package.

Allied policy towards Germany. If the National Assembly had ratified boldly, with generosity and magnanimity, France might have retained the influence over policies which the U.S. and Britain instinctively accord to those whom they most respect. Instead, the little men of the National Assembly brought France down to their own untrusting, untrustworthy level. The Western Big Three would henceforth be the Western Big Two.

The four-year fight to add 500,000 young Germans to the Western defense is still not won. So far, only three of 14 NATO Parliaments (Britain, Norway and Iceland) have completed ratification. Italy's Lower Chamber ratified last month, and Senate approval is assured; the Bundestag has accepted in principle, and Chancellor Adenauer expects to get its final vote in February. The U.S. Senate still must ratify. So must the French Senate, which could create another delay, though Mendès-France expects it to ratify within 60 days.

ties, met and decided to "dose" the vote: shifting some abstentions to yes and some negative votes to abstention. Carefully, they picked the men to switch—no Deputy wanted to be the only one in his area to vote for German arms. The Catholics of the M.R.P. had already heard from their Christian Democrat colleagues in Germany and Italy (Aminore Fanfani, boss of the Italian Christian Democrats, made a missionary trip to Paris). In their caucus, "good European" Robert Schuman announced that he intended to vote yes, and was greeted by jeers from the unforgiving followers of Georges Bidault.

Spoilers at Work. With only a normal amount of querulous debate, Mendès won, 280 to 251, his first vote of confidence—German admission to NATO. Nine MRPs joined Schuman in voting for approval. Briskly, Mendès proposed an immediate vote on the second question of confidence—reversal of last week's vote on an armed Germany in the Western European Union.

like Mendès-France and hates Germany: "Certainly not. I am in bed and I intend to stay there."

Confidence Accorded. But next day the Assembly's delays ran out. Facing up to the inevitable, Bidault bargained with Schuman: they agreed to cancel each other out by both abstaining. Another 16 MRPs decided to forget their bitterness against Mendès for the sake of Western unity. It was enough. From a slip of paper, the Assembly president read: "287 votes for, 260 against. Confidence is accorded."

For an instant, the Assembly sat silent. There were no cheers. Then the Communists rose on their benches and loosed a flood of abuse. "Assassins, bandits, varlets, Nazis," screamed a tiny Communist woman Deputy, shaking her fist at her Socialist neighbors. But the issue that had racked France, divided its citizens, and paralyzed its governments for four years was settled.

The majority was thin and feeble, far short of a real majority of the whole 627-man Assembly. Six ex-Premiers took refuge in abstention; every party except the Communists split. But by forcing the Assembly to a decision, Mendès had done what three predecessors had not dared do. He had not succeeded, any more than they, in obtaining the "massive majority" he had asked. But in the end, even a slim majority is still a majority: the bill which officially created the Third Republic (1870-1940) was instituted by but one vote.

The New Left?

In the very moment of Mendès-France's victory, his best friends anticipated his fall. His enemies have nicked him mockingly, confident that they can bring him down at their pleasure. Last week Mendès' young brain-trusters, estimating that he has only a few weeks of political life after the Assembly returns from recess, talked of the impending fall as a kind of political death and resurrection leading to the breakup of the old parties and Mendès' return as the leader of a "New Left."

Beating the drums loudest for the New Left is Mendès' brilliant young disciple. Journalist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, whose weekly *L'Express* provides a forum for Mendès' dedicated strategists. Last week *L'Express* proudly welcomed a distinguished new recruit to the New Left's ranks: Novelist André Malraux.

New Phenomenon. Voluminously voluble, gaunt, hot-eyed, nervous as a neurotic bloodhound, Malraux has an exotic fascination for Frenchmen as an intellectual who is also what they call *un homme engagé*. As a man committed to action, Malraux—believing Communism to be the wave of the future—intrigued in the Chinese revolution and flew for the Loyalists in Spain; during World War II, he fought brilliantly in the Resistance. As a man of intellect, he distilled powerful novels from his experiences (*Man's Fate*, *Man's Hope*). Then in 1947 he suddenly burst into the

quiet world of art scholarship with a massive study of the philosophy of art which one dazzled critic hailed as "one of the really great books of our time."

As restless intellectually as he was physically, Malraux roundly denounced Communism after the Soviet-Nazi pact, became just as disgusted with the paralysis of France's postwar government when he tried his hand as a De Gaulle lieutenant after the war. "To know how foul it really is," he wrote, "one must be married to it, and be frustrated as a man is by a wife with whom he is hopelessly coupled." Convinced that De Gaulle was the only man capable of changing this foulness, he became his chief adviser and closest political intimate. For six years, this curious alliance of the general and the ex-revolutionary persisted. Now Malraux has found a different hero, with better prospects. "A new phenomenon is dawning," said



Fred Stein

NOVELIST MALRAUX

A nervous bloodhound caught the scent.

Malraux last week. "The renaissance of French liberalism . . . This liberalism is symbolized by Mendès-France. Should Mendès-France fail, crystallization could take place with surprising rapidity." Calculating aloud, Malraux figured that only 1,500,000 of the 5,000,000 Communist voters were really hard-core supporters. The New Left could count on picking up 3,500,000 votes from them. It could also count on "those Christian Socialists who passionately love justice, including social justice . . . Would this mean another Popular Front? No. For the man who would take Léon Blum's place—and he is a successor to Blum in many ways—is not a Marxist. The perspective would not be pro-Marxist; it would be New Deal."

Old Virtues. Another recruit to the New Left is Catholic Novelist François Mauriac, chief editorial writer of the influential *Figaro*, who has professed him-

self disillusioned by his old party, the M.R.P. "Because certain leaders of the M.R.P. seem to have forgotten the ideals of their youth," he wrote, "thousands of Christian Democrats are ready to regroup themselves."

Servan-Schreiber, pointing with pride to "the exceptional nature of a meeting on the political plane between Pierre Mendès-France, liberal statesman; François Mauriac, inspiration of the Christian left, and André Malraux, the revolutionary guide who renounced nothing which united him with De Gaulle," concluded: "Here are the men from whom the rising generation can draw reasons for . . . believing again in the virtues of political action."

The Sheltering Sky

France, long one of the most enlightened nations in the world, is backward to the point of primitivism when it comes to putting a roof over people's heads. A fortnight ago Socialist Deputy Albert Gazier, member of the Committee for Economic Affairs, submitted a shocking report to the French National Assembly:

"The average age of buildings in Paris is 83 years. One-quarter of all apartments have no running water. The number of Parisians who are forced to live in single hotel rooms is estimated at 400,000.

"In the provinces, [the average age of buildings] is 120 years. Of a rural population of 20 million, only a third have running water in their homes. In Brittany more than half of the houses lack the most elementary comfort, and 45% of them have earth floors.

"Twenty-five percent of all couples who married in 1948 are still looking for shelter; they either live with their parents, or they are forced to stay in hotels and furnished rooms without kitchens."

France, he added, ranks 15th among modern nations in building activity, behind even Poland. Only Hungary and Rumania rank lower.

Gazier blamed the sorry situation on lack of initiative, excessive costs and old-fashioned building methods. Being a Socialist, he did not add another of France's basic difficulties—bureaucracy.

Ye Olde Housing. Deputy Gazier told only half of a sad story that helps explain France's divisions, frustrations and sullen hatred. More than 2,000,000 French families live in houses built before the Battle of Waterloo:

- ¶ 175,000 families live in houses built under the reign of Francis I (1515-47).
- ¶ 200,000 families live in houses dating back to Henry IV (1589-1610).
- ¶ 500,000 families live in houses of the Louis XIII period (1610-43).
- ¶ 1,250,000 families live in houses of the Louis XV period (1715-74).

In Paris there are 16 *ilots insalubres*, insanitary areas (totaling 600 acres) repeatedly declared unfit for habitation, where there are no toilets, no running water, no gas or electricity, but whose crumbling buildings house 180,000 people. Also in Paris are an estimated 2,000 people without any homes whatsoever, whole

families who, any winter's night, may be seen camped on the Metro gratings.

For years the *problème de l'appartement* has been a chief topic of French conversation. In the swank Neuilly and Passy districts of Paris there are many big new apartment buildings where an apartment can be bought for from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 francs (\$28,500), but cannot be rented: the contractors, short of liquid capital, demand a lump sum. In the suburbs, numbers of municipally owned apartment houses have gone up, but they are for functionaries and privileged workers, and the priority list is long. The great mass of French people looking for a home are left to grapple with *les corbeaux* (the ravens), the landlords; or they must deal with the tenants of pegged-rent apartments who sublet at exorbitant rates.

In an effort to keep living costs down, the government froze rents after the war. A comfortable four-room apartment, if the owner lived in it before the war, is pegged at about \$12 a month; he often sublets two or three rooms for \$30 a month each and pockets \$60 to \$90 without lifting a finger. The landlord, getting only the official \$12 a month, cannot afford to pay taxes and keep up repairs. Result: no repairs are made, and many apartment buildings are slowly rotting away.

Building Pains. A French couple who would rather build than buy a rickety old house applies to the government, waits 15 months while the application is processed through a dozen separate departments before reaching *Crédit Foncier*, the nationalized credit institution which may help them finance their project. Permission granted, the French couple then has to deal with the guild-conscious French architect and his seven fat handbooks entitled *La Série Centrale des Architectes*, which lay down exactly what may be done about building a house, in terms suitable for the age of Charlemagne. After the architect comes the French builder, a race apart from all others.

In France there are 208,250 building contractors, 90% of whom employ fewer than six workers. The smallest contract is sublet to a myriad of tiny enterprises. If they have the luck to find an honest contractor, the French couple may have the pleasure of watching squads of carpenters, masons, plasterers and plumbers move on and off the job with scant regard for each other or for the order of their work, and of seeing walls lie bare for months at a time. The average time to complete a French house: 2½ years.

Last week France's Reconstruction Ministry announced "Operation Million," a scheme to provide 25,000 small, three-room apartments to low-income families at a cost of 1,000,000 francs (\$2,850) per unit. Warned the ministry: "Success . . . will depend mainly upon the team spirit which will animate civil servants, local authorities, architects, contractors, technicians and artisans." At week's end, French architects, displeased by the size of the fee offered them, notified the ministry that Operation Million did not interest them.

Essence of Metro

Like the New York subway system—which it rivals in overcrowding, labyrinthian complexity and financial difficulties—the Paris Metro has a smell all its own. To the basic ingredients of dankness and soot, Parisian passengers have added an enchanting blend of garlic, tobacco, cheap cosmetics and the sweat of honest toil.

Last week *La Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens* (transit authority) embarked upon an experiment designed to give the subway a daintiness hitherto found only in boudoir and meadow. Each train traveling two of the main routes across Paris was equipped with an atomizer through which gushed a jet of perfume. On the Vincennes-Neuilly line, the fragrance was Eau de Cologne; on the Orléans-Clignancourt line, a workmen's route, it was Essence of Pine. "My," said one happy office worker arriving at his desk, "the Metro smelled deliciously today." But after a careful sniff or two, most subway riders admitted that the Metro still smelled remarkably like Old Metro.

"We shall determine the traveling public's opinion later on," announced one huffy transport spokesman at the end of the first day's experiment.

SPAIN

The Kingmaker

At 62 General Francisco Franco is in good health, but his influential religious mentors, who take a long view of history, worry about his succession. Seven years ago they persuaded Franco to promulgate a law declaring Spain to be "a Catholic and social state which, in accordance with its tradition, is constituted a monarchy." But Franco bucked at letting touchy, British-trained Don Juan de Bourbon, son

of the dethroned Alfonso XIII, move into Madrid's Royal Palace. So he added a subtle clause saying that it was a question of "awaiting the right moment to install the first King of the legitimate dynasty."

Last week General Franco and his advisers, in five black limousines, on which the usual markings of *El Caudillo*'s ownership were concealed, traveled Spain's ragged roads to the Palacio de las Cabezas, manor house of a 100,000-acre ranch run by the Count of Ruiseñada. There, in well-barricaded privacy, Franco sat down to lunch with Pretender Don Juan (who was allowed back into Spain on a passport describing him as Count of Barcelona). It was their first meeting in six years, and Juan's first visit to Spain since the Civil War, 18 years ago.

Royal Schooling. Over a long luncheon and until late into the afternoon, avoiding mention of Don Juan's own claims to the throne (Franco has never forgiven him for certain anti-Franco remarks made in 1945), they discussed the education of Don Juan's son, Juan Carlos, great-great-grandson of Britain's Queen Victoria. The 17-year-old Juanito has just completed his secondary education at Madrid's aristocratic St. Isidro high school and is at present staying with his exiled parents in Estoril, Portugal. The question, already taken up in an exchange of letters through ducal couriers, was how the slim, shy, blond Juanito should be trained as absolute monarch over what may well prove to be a turbulent Spain. Franco gave Don Juan a fill in on latterday Falangist philosophy, talked about Spain's need for autocratic rule in order to avoid opening the door to "chaos" (i.e., democracy). The way to make an autocrat out of Juanito: intense military and religious training.

The upshot of the meeting was that Pretender and Dictator agreed that Juanito should be handed over to the guardianship of Lieut. General Carlos Martínez de Campos, Duke de la Torre, a hard-fisted former artilleryman who is Franco's close friend and has family ties with Don Juan. The duke, a member of the Spanish general staff, will have charge of a large staff of tutors, mostly from the Spanish naval college, who will instruct Juanito in military science, mathematics and history, prepare him for officership in the Spanish navy.

Royal Waiting. The only issue that Don Juan balked at was the extensive theological training which Franco had planned for Juanito. But at the commodious villa in the fashionable Madrid suburb of Chamartín where Juanito and his retinue will take up residence some time in January, there will be a chaplain to guide the princeling's spiritual life.

But kingmaking takes time. Under Franco's 1947 Law of Succession, the prince must be 30 before he takes the throne. Presumably, therefore, another 13 years will elapse before Juanito, even if his education is found to be satisfactory, is eligible to step into the shoes of a 75-year-old Franco.



Paul Fitzsimon-Black Star

JUAN CARLOS DE BOURBON
Absolutely?

Quarrel of Consciences

The advance guard of some 5,000 G.I.s who will man the air and naval bases leased by the U.S. began arriving in Spain last fall. Problems marched in with them. Last week, trying to solve one of them, the U.S. Air Force brought down on its head a jet of Protestant fire and brimstone.

Dictator Francisco Franco, who suspects (with some reason) that the liberty-loving and liberty-taking habits of the G.I.s might prove contagious, wants as little fraternizing as possible between Americans and Spaniards. Spain's Catholic bishops, fearing that the U.S. servicemen (the present contingent is roughly 65% non-Catholic) might prove "a wedge of Protestant proselytism," demanded legal "protections" for Catholic señoritas who might fall for the Americans. The bishops pointed out that Roman Catholicism is the state religion in Spain, and that canon law is the law of the land so far as marriage is concerned. Lieut. Colonel Raymond M. Stadta, a Reno priest serving as chief chaplain of all U.S. forces in Spain, worked out an "administrative covenant" with Spanish church and state authorities.

Catholic Canons. Stadta's covenant forbids U.S. servicemen or women to enter into "mixed marriages" (between Catholics and non-Catholics) with Spanish nationals, unless the Spanish church approves. No one could quarrel with the notion that the Spanish government, or its state church, has the right to control the marriages of Spanish subjects, but Father Stadta's agreement went further. With the approval of Major General August W. Kissner, chief of the U.S. military mission, Stadta agreed that American men and women serving in Spain would also be forbidden to contract "mixed marriages" among themselves, unless the church agreed. Stadta's intention was that approval should be sought from the Roman Catholic Military Vicar of the U.S.—New York's Cardinal Spellman. But as reported from Madrid, his covenant seemed to say that the Spanish Catholic clergy could veto a marriage between a Protestant G.I. and a Catholic WAC or WAVE.

Protestant Protests. "An attempt to sell down the river our most precious heritage, our religious freedom," protested Episcopal Dr. James A. Pike, Dean of the New York Cathedral (St. John the Divine). It is motivated, he added, by "fear of friction with Spain, which is so financially dependent upon us it is absurd." Thundered the National Association of Evangelicals: "An affront to all true Protestants."

Flustered by the outcry, the Pentagon called an urgent conference of State Department and Air Force brass and tried to soothe everyone. The agreement has not yet been signed, said General Kissner, and when it is, it "would assure to all of our people here the traditional American right to worship according to the dictates of their consciences."

YUGOSLAVIA

Heresy in Titoland

In the living room of his unheated home, burly Vladimir Dedijer paced the floor like an angry but befuddled bear. "I won't even tell you what they've been doing—it's bad taste to go into it," he said. "But I can tell you I've learned to use my feet since the car was taken away. I can ride buses and streetcars too. We don't care about going to clubs . . . We have our own friends."

But 40-year-old Vladimir Dedijer (pronounced Dayd-yer), devoted Communist,

plined and should be punished." It was signed by one of Dedijer's fellow members of the Central Committee.

"It's obvious now that Tito knows all about this and I am not asking for anything," said Dedijer. "They know I have five children. They will take everything from me and expect me to starve." Dedijer had earned \$500,000 in royalties from his adulatory biography, *Tito*,* but he gave it all to a hospital built as a memorial to his first wife, a partisan fighter killed by the Germans.

His only sin, said Dedijer, had been to keep associating with "my old friend"



YUGOSLAVIA'S DJILAS, DEDIJER & KARDELJ (1949)
Party discipline can bloody a comrade's hands.

United Press

had no friends who could, or would, help him out of the trouble he was in. The only man in Yugoslavia to speak up for him at all—ex-Vice President Milovan Djilas—was himself in just as much trouble. The two men fought alone last week in a suspenseful but losing battle against Yugoslavia's Communist hierarchy. It was a rare sight: a deep and significant squabble bred inside a Communist family circle, but carried out in almost full view of the outside world. Charged with heresy, Djilas, the ousted party philosopher, and Dedijer, the fearless partisan comrade and biographer of Tito, had been offered the opportunity of swallowing their views and fading away without harsher punishment. But both refused to fade away.

Return to Sender. "They accuse me of using the capitalist press," Dedijer complained to *Time's* Belgrade Correspondent Ed Clark last week. "It's my right to speak to the press . . . After all I was one of the writers of the Declaration of Human Rights in the United Nations."

The appeal he had tried to cable to Marshal Tito in India, said Dedijer, came back with a message written on the reverse side: "The very fact that you should try to cable Tito shows that you need disci-

Djilas, though he never had entirely agreed with Djilas' criticisms of the party hierarchy. "There is a struggle on the lower echelon," said Dedijer, "but there is no fight on the top level for control. It would be nonsense to say that anything can challenge Tito's position. However, a man like Kardelj, whom I've always regarded as a true democrat, is being maneuvered by party discipline into a position that will put my blood on his hands."

Spit in the Face. A few hours later, Edvard Kardelj, the No. 2 man in Yugoslavia, the man who prosecuted Djilas and is now running the country while Tito is away, spoke up. "Every honest man would spit in the face of 'politicians' of this type," he told a party gathering at Sarajevo. That Djilas and Dedijer should air their grievances abroad, he said, represents "a filthy blackmail of our democracy."

Now that the dispute was for the first time publicly acknowledged inside Yugoslavia, things moved fast. Parliament met and without a dissent stripped Absent Member Vlado Dedijer of his parliament-

* Which Tito was handing out in large numbers in India last week.

tary immunity. A recall movement was already under way in his constituency. His seat on the Central Committee was taken away. The government announced that Vladimir Dedijer would soon be put on trial.

Dedijer summoned foreign correspondents to a press conference at his home, but when they got there, they found the house dark and guarded by nine plain-clothesmen, who said that Dedijer had canceled the conference. Vlado Dedijer was no longer a free man.

That's the Way. Tito's other rebel last week amiably sat back waiting for the disciplinarians to come after him. Milovan Djilas had been stripped of all his offices a year ago, and seemed readier than his friend to accept the consequences of his heresy. "If it had been Karelj under attack, I would no doubt have been forced to lead the fight against him," he said. "That's the way Communist parties work."

Unlike Dedijer, Djilas is frankly in opposition to Marshal Tito himself. "Tito

AFRO-ASIA

Half of Humanity

While a herd of spotted mouse deer grazed under the banyan trees nearby, five men who speak for nearly a fourth of the people in the world gathered inside an old palace in the Indonesian resort town of Bogor last week. The Prime Ministers of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia—the so-called Colombo Powers—came together to plan history's first political conference of the nations of Africa and Asia. Questions to be settled were: where, when, why and whom to invite.

With an odd mixture of pomp and impatience, the five Prime Ministers engaged themselves in housekeeping details that for the most part could have been arranged by underlings. India's Jawaharlal Nehru, his mischievous foreign-policy missionary, Krishna Menon, and the rest of the Indian delegation were openly contemptuous of the inept way their inexperienced Indonesian hosts had prepared

but his four colleagues persuaded him to drop that one. The purpose of the conference, the five agreed, will be "to further the course of world peace."

The ticklish question of invitations was saved until almost the end. Burma's Premier U Nu suggested that Israel be included, but Pakistan's Mohammed Ali objected on behalf of the Moslem states, and Israel was excluded. The white-supremacy government of South Africa was not even discussed. ("We can't go there, so why the hell should we invite them here," explained Ceylon's Sir John Kotelawala.) North and South Viet Nam were invited; South and North Korea were not. Indonesia's Ali Sastroamidjojo proposed Japan, a surprising suggestion from a nation that still remembers the Japanese conquest of the East Indies. But Japan's invitation was designed to balance off another.

"We, For Instance." U Nu, filled with notions of mediating between Communism and the West, proposed Communist China. "If we invite China," cautioned Pakistan's firmly anti-Communist Ali, "some other countries may not come."

"But if we do not," replied U Nu, "there will still be countries who will not attend."

"Who, for instance?" asked Ali.

"We, for instance," said U Nu.

Red China was added to the list. Then someone mentioned the Nationalists on Formosa. "If Formosa is invited," U Nu snapped, "we will leave this conference right now." Formosa was not invited. The final list contained 30 countries.

Western diplomats had been inclined to dismiss talk of an Afro-Asian conference as little more than a frisky showing-off by the young governments of the world's recently freed colonial areas. But when they read the Prime Ministers' statement of principles, the agenda and the guest list, they began to worry. Still more mistrustful of a colonialism that is past than of a growing threat of Communism, filled with imagined and real grievances against the white man, most of the governments of Africa and Asia are vulnerable for exploitation. Western officials began to shudder at the harm that might be done once such a deft and ruthless professional as Red China's Chou En-lai gets to maneuvering the inexperienced, the emotional and the naive among the men who represent more than half of humanity.

RUSSIA

Walls in Jericho

Among the lesser ambitions of Communist Dictator Stalin was to possess the world's largest building. Plans of a Palace of the Soviets, taller than New York's Empire State building, went astray somewhere in World War II, but in the last five years of his life Stalin ordered eight skyscrapers built in Moscow. Rising 20 to 38 stories out of Moscow's sprawling slums, and occupied exclusively by Communists and Communist undertakings, they stand today, huge omnipresent memorials to Communist contempt for the



BURMA'S U NU AND INDIA'S NEHRU

Beside the banyan trees, where, when, why and an ominous whom.

did good for the country during the war and for a short time after the war," Partisan Hero Djilas told TIME. "But Tito is an old, hard-line Marxist, and Marxism as he practices it is only for backward countries in Asia and on the fringe of Russia. Yugoslavia has evolved to a position where it needs greater political freedom." Djilas calmly cited his own situation: "Even as recently as 1949, Tito would have had to order me jailed or executed. But in 1954, with it publicly known that I stand in opposition to Tito, the worst that can happen is that I will be banished from Belgrade. Yugoslav public opinion would not permit anything more stringent today."

He was surer of his safety than he had a right to be in a Communist country. Before the week was out, Djilas and Dedijer were haled into the district court of Belgrade for four hours' questioning. The hearing, announced the government, is the opening of a "criminal investigation against Djilas and Dedijer, because of slanderous and hostile propaganda directed at damaging abroad the most vital interests of our country, a criminal act . . ."

for the meeting. "We sent some people down here in advance to try and help these beggars," said one Indian, "but they haven't got a clue, not a clue!"

Invitations. The five Prime Ministers briskly agreed on date and place (Indonesia in April). As an indication of the kind of discussions that might be held, they unanimously condemned, at Nehru's suggestion, atomic and hydrogen experiments and asked that they be stopped. They endorsed Indonesia's attempt to grab Dutch New Guinea, endorsed the independence movement of Tunisia's and Morocco's nationalists, and pointedly emphasized that the conference will concentrate on "problems affecting national sovereignty, and of racialism and colonialism," all subjects loaded with feelings of animosity toward the West. Nehru also suggested that the theme of "peaceful coexistence" should go onto the agenda.*

* Nehru recently delivered a more private attitude toward peace to a closed political meeting. There is "absolutely no chance," he said, that India will go to war against any nation, with the possible exceptions of Pakistan, Portugal and South Africa.

comfort and well-being of the common people.

Warned to make their designs "harmonize with the historically developed architecture of Moscow" and not to copy "the ugly system of capitalist building," Stalin's draftsmen spread their efforts over acres of ground, but in reaching for height, they were unable to avoid imitating at least one American skyscraper. The Moscow *vysokiye zdania* or "tall buildings," bear a marked resemblance to New York's 1913 Woolworth building, but to Woolworth Gothic the Soviet architects added adornments borrowed from classical sources, and some of their own devising. Thus all eight *vysokiye* carry tall spires mounting garlanded Red Stars and as many Doric and Romanesque pilasters, rococo arches, turrets, flying buttresses, rooftop pergolas, asparagus-shaped domes, gingerbread plaques and ferro-concrete statuary as the construction will stand. The skyscrapers got the lion's share of Russia's postwar building resources, but the Communists received poor value for their money. Plumbing failed, elevators stuck, doors and windows were full of cracks, balconies fell into the street. Less than two years after Stalin's death, the drab walls of the jerry-built Jericho were crumbling to the inaudible trumpeting of Moscow's overcrowded restless millions.

Communist Party Boss Nikita S. Khrushchev, whose monitory voice is heard more loudly these days, last week condemned the wasteful skyscrapers, some of which, he said, looked like churches. Said Khrushchev: "The architect needs a beautiful silhouette, but the people want apartments. Architects must learn to count money." Khrushchev ordered Soviet architects, under pain of punishment, to launch a mass-construction housing program based on simple standardized designs. To speed up building, he detailed

a shock brigade of 100,000 "volunteer" Communist youths to work in plants making prefabricated reinforced construction parts. "Everything that can be replaced by concrete," ordered Khrushchev, "should be so replaced."

After Stalin's Woolworth Gothic comes the age of Khrushchev Concrete.

Towers in Babel

Even more impressive than Moscow's skyscrapers is the vast edifice of phony literature which Stalin built around his life and works. When a novel or a play served his propaganda purposes, he hoisted its sales to millions, made ruble millionaires out of his authors. A writer who had been critical, however, or one who merely failed to pay homage to the dictator, was denied print, frequently banished to prison camp, sometimes executed. In walking the intellectual tightrope between these extremes, no Soviet writer has been more adroit than Ilya Ehrenburg.

Born in Moscow in 1891 of a well-to-do Jewish family, Ehrenburg was a poet of the long-haired kind before the revolution. During the civil war, he swung in behind Denikin's White Guards and strongly attacked Communism in an early poem. Then, when it appeared that the Bolsheviks were there to stay, he flirted with Trotskyism, dropped it for Bukharinism, and finally in Paris, where in bohemian Montparnasse he kept a step ahead of the consequences of his earlier misjudgments, he became Stalin's advocate.

Cynic as Hero. At the side of such intellectuals as André Gide, he praised Communism incessantly, but was careful not to join the Communist Party. He got a job as correspondent for Moscow's *Izvestia* during the Spanish civil war, dutifully penned the Stalin line, but thought so little of it that, at the approach of World War II, he tried to get out of Europe by the Zionist route. Failing, he returned to Moscow by the Communist route and became one of Stalin's favorite thunderers. Throughout World War II he poured an unceasing flow of hate against the Nazis and then, at war's end, with no apparent effort, turned his rhetoric on "U.S. warmongers." He won the Stalin Prize for literature in 1948, and the Peace Prize in 1952, waxed rich on royalties from books translated into 25 languages. In Moscow he has a fine apartment hung with French impressionist paintings, owns a country dacha and a villa on the Black Sea.

Ehrenburg's eulogy of Stalin after the dictator's death was more fulsome than any other. Yet, a few months later, he published a novel called *The Thaw* which Stalin would never have stood for. In *The Thaw* the Cynic, not the Idealist, is shown setting the tone of Soviet life, and for the first time in a Communist-printed work, explicit references are made to the melancholy effect on Soviet professional life of Stalin's wide-sweeping 1936-38 purge; characters bemoan the disappearance of families and friends for crimes they did not commit. Last week the Congress of Soviet Writers, meeting for the first time



United Press

WRITER EHRENBURG
Sand for the erring.

in 20 years, found that *The Thaw* had them skating on very thin ice.

Rusty Clips. After years of servile writing, Soviet authors are groping for a new approach to literature. The party would have them go back to "socialist realism" (boy loves tractor), but the writers know how barren this field has become. Yet none was brave enough to stand up for Ehrenburg's lead as a critic of Soviet life. In fact, they rivaled one another in reviling him. Konstantin (*Days and Nights*) Simonov said that Ehrenburg's book springs from "an alien ideological position." Said Mikhail (*And Quiet Flows the Don*) Sholokhov, who has published no major work since the great purge: "You know that bullets that are in a clip of ammunition a long time—especially during a thaw (applause)—become rusty. Maybe it is time to throw out all the old bullets and put in new ones (applause). We won't throw out the bullets that are still good, but we must clean them—with sand, if necessary."

The ever-adaptable Ilya Ehrenburg promised that his next novel would be "a step forward."

ITALY

Stirrings & Beginnings

Entrenched in the town halls of a third of Italy's municipalities, many Red mayors have long engaged themselves in a lucrative tax racket. Sometimes they call in private firms to collect local levies (a frequent practice in Italy), but add a twist of their own: the party kickback. On the books, the collectors got an exorbitant 30% commission; they actually kept a generous 18% to 20%, and handed over the rest to swell the coffers of the West's biggest, richest, strongest Communist Party. Typical annual payoffs for the Reds: 17 million lire (\$27,200) in Modena, 4,000,000 in Pisa, 1,000,000 in Pi-



MOSCOW SKYSCRAPER
Concrete for the masses.

stoia to Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists.

The government has begun a drive against such corruption in Tuscany (80% of whose towns are Red-governed). By last week 56 mayors and local administrators had been put in jail. Not all were Communists, but most were. "McCarthyism," cried the Communist *L'Unità*, in incoherent rage. The campaign had a double effect: it hurt the Communist treasury and exposed the Communist moral rot.

The arrests are another indication of renewed vigor by Premier Mario Scelba's administration. One hundred former Fascist buildings grabbed by the Communists at war's end have now been recovered. Last week the government approved a new supervisor for Bologna's huge, Communist-run cooperative, which had been operating hotels, restaurants and bars for the Reds' profit. The government also began an investigation of financial shenanigans in Turin's Red-run cooperative.

These promising beginnings by Scelba's administration were somewhat obscured by headlines announcing a plan that has in it more of promise than of beginning. Budget Minister Ezio Vanoni addressed himself to Italy's very real problem: 2,000,000 unemployed, another 2,000,000 underemployed, a housing shortage of 15 million rooms. His solution, which Scelba's cabinet discussed until 2 o'clock one night last week, is a ten-year plan to invest \$8 billion worth of private and public capital in building productive enterprises. The intention was laudatory, but the details vague. Particularly vague was where the money would come from: Signor Vanoni apparently counted on the U.S. Treasury.

VIET NAM

Late Awakening

In Saigon last week, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem arrested a former Minister of the Interior on charges of extorting \$120,000 from local Chinese businessmen. Diem scheduled a spectacular public trial, in which his prosecutors intend to show how the ex-Minister's policemen arrested wealthy Chinese and threatened to deport them "for helping the Viet Minh" unless the Chinese paid blackmail. Diem wants to use the trial to herald a big new campaign against corruption in demoralized South Viet Nam. There are faint signs that his austere new nationalism is beginning to catch an apathetic public's fancy. But Diem still has far to go and little time.

JAPAN

The Red Friendship

Japan (pop. 87 million), the greatest industrial power in Asia, edged further last week toward friendship with the Communist empire—a step which its new Premier said was really doing the U.S. a favor. The prefectural assembly of Hokkaido, Japan's second largest island, called for "a positive interchange" between Japan, Russia and Red China. The Kobe and Osaka Chambers of Commerce



PREMIER HATOYAMA
On both sides of the street.

formed delegations "ready to go to Moscow and Peking." The Japanese fishing industry accepted a Communist invitation to send experts to Red China. Japan's political parties, from right to left, were moving left. The conservative Liberal Party of ex-Premier Shigeru Yoshida, not wanting to be left behind, came out for Red China trade.

Japan's new nationalist Premier Ichiro Hatoyama apparently hopes to win friends for the March elections by working both sides of the Cold War street—and the alleys as well. He talked rearmament to please right-wing Japanese interests and the U.S. He talked recognition of Red China to please the left. Hatoyama himself seemed to believe that the U.S. should welcome improved relations between Japan and Red China as a means of reducing his country's "anti-American feeling." Hatoyama was talking more and more last week like a man who found it profitable to belabor the U.S. "Despotic diplomacy . . . loss of racial independence" were among the phrases Hatoyama used to describe "the long occupation." The pleased Russians let it be known that Hatoyama's drift to the left is entirely conducive to "restoring normal relations."

RED CHINA

Triumph at a Price

Beneath triumphal arches, about 350 Communist trucks roared through Tibet into the Forbidden City of Lhasa last week, along two new main roads from Red China. Thirty thousand Tibetans gathered before the legendary Potala palace to greet the trucks, which symbolized their first main road contact with the outside world. Communist authorities paid tribute to the eternal friendship between Red China and Tibet, which the Communists had conquered in 1951, and decorat-

ed the workers who had drawn the new highways across the roof of the world.

The Red China-Tibet highways present new strategic daggers at the mountain passes of India, a fact that India's top soldiers worry about, but India's top politicians (Nehru & Co.) prefer not to discuss out loud. The new highways, giving Red China access to the undeveloped mineral resources of Tibet, also present impressive evidence of what a slave economy can do: the roads took 3½ years to build; their combined length (2,722 miles) is almost twice as long as China's ancient Great Wall and more than three times as long as the Burma Road. The Sikang-Tibet Highway runs 1,410 miles across 14 mountain ranges and 100 rivers, at one point traversing a staggering series of 2,600-ft. precipices. Chinese Nationalist sources acknowledged the achievement, but preferred to stress its human cost—an estimated 50,000 out of 500,000 road workers dead from injuries, exhaustion and freezing.

MIDDLE EAST

Strange Friendship

Across the great chasm of religion which divides the Middle East, a strange alignment was growing last week between Moslem Turkey and Israel. Trade, not affection, brings them together. Three years ago Turkey imported a paltry \$70,000 worth of goods from Israel. Now they have developed a \$28 million annual exchange of goods, and Turkey has become the No. 1 customer for Israel's manufactures. Turkey sends wheat, cotton, cattle and oil seed to Israel and last year got in return \$5,000,000 worth of cars and jeeps (from Israel's Kaiser-Frazer plant), \$400,000 worth of antibiotics and drugs, \$400,000 worth of pots and pans. Peasants in remote Anatolia now boil their weekly wash in Israeli-made pots fired by Israeli-made stoves, turned out near Israel's Ataturk Forest and carried to Istanbul in vessels of the Turkish Maritime Bank.

Both economies are eager to industrialize, but lack necessary foreign exchange; both produce goods that have difficulty competing in world markets (Turkey's wheat is inferior, Israel's manufactures overpriced), so they swap. Last week, to exchange-short Turkey, Israel granted new credits of \$4,500,000. It was a returned favor; last year it was Israel which was caught short and saved by Turkey.

Out of their dealings with one another, the two nations have discovered likenesses. The Turks are Moslems but not Arabs; their Islamic ties are complicated by bitter relationships with the Arabs, whom they ruled for four centuries. Both Israel and Turkey are virile, modern and westward-looking inhabitants of an old, static and inward-looking region. Turkey admires Israel's compact little army as the region's second-best force (after her own), while Israel sees Turkey as the only other Middle East power of military significance. For Israel, an island in a sea of hatred, the new neighborliness is doubly welcome.

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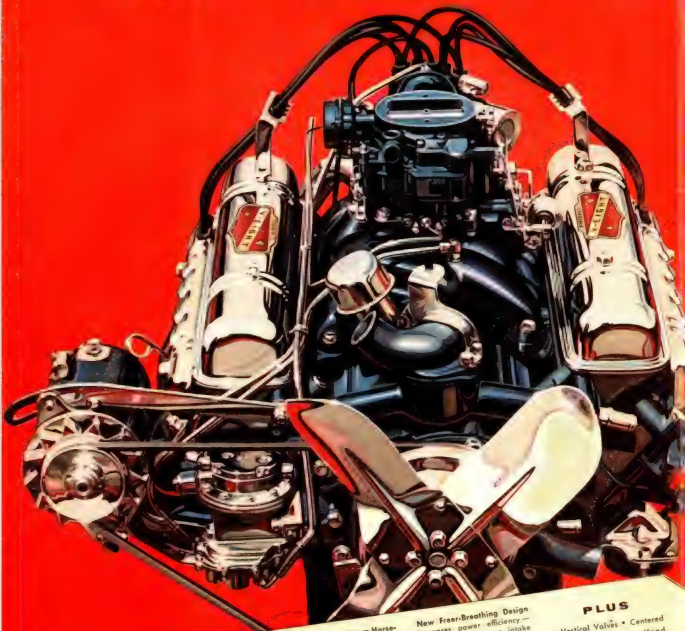
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Ike Looks South

During his busy week of work and play in Augusta, Ga. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), President Eisenhower also found time to ponder U.S. policy toward Latin America. From the holiday White House came news of three significant plans.

¶ Next week, in his Foreign Economic Policy Message, the President will ask Congress to establish the International Finance Corp. (TIME, Nov. 22) promised by Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey at November's economic conference in Rio. Proposed as a \$100 million supplement to the World Bank, IFC would lend to private enterprisers rather than governments. The President will also ask Congress to lighten taxation on U.S. firms doing business in Latin America, thus encouraging more investment there.

¶ Later in January, in a major speech on TV, Milton Eisenhower will make an "encouraging appraisal" of the effects to date of the recommendations that he made late in 1953, after a swing through South America. The President's brother had urged 1) stockpiling of basic commodities to stabilize the economies of producing nations, 2) grants of food in emergencies, 3) "sound economic development" loans, 4) expanded technical assistance, and 5) the tax reforms that Ike will propose. Adviser Eisenhower will be able to report some progress on every point.

¶ In February Vice President Richard Nixon and his wife Pat will make an unhurried good-will tour of Central America. Tentative itinerary: Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala. Milton Eisenhower hopes to accompany the Nixons at least part of the way.

Trade Comeback

"Who is the most popular girl in Argentina?" asks a current Buenos Aires wissacker. The answer: "Mercedes-Benz"—a humorous salute to the more than 13,000 German busses, trucks and cars that roll through the capital's streets. In Brazil, doctors rely on new German X-ray machines; in Haiti, Bavarian beer is the favorite; in Mexico, German generators whir in new power plants. These signs and portents measure a striking development: exports of goods from Germany to Latin America, at a dead halt only eight years ago, were 2½ times greater by dollar volume in 1954 than in any year during Germany's pre-World War I heyday of Latin American trading. Items:

¶ In the 3½ years since the freighter *Santa Ursula* sailed to Buenos Aires under the German flag—last seen in the River Plate when the *Graf Spee* was scuttled in 1939—West Germany has made itself Argentina's No. 1 supplier.

¶ Taking advantage of a 2,728-lb. weight limitation for imported cars, which effectively excludes most U.S. cars from Colombia, Germans have made the little

Volkswagen a commonplace on every village street.

¶ Germans are dickering to build a coastal freighter fleet, sugar and paper mills for Chile, whose Development Corp.'s executive vice president last week wound up a two-month business trip to West Germany.

Export or Die. The resurgence of German trade in Latin America is a direct result of West Germany's postwar industrial comeback and its historic need to "export or perish." The springboard was the war in Korea, which frightened Latin America into loading up on cars, printing presses, lathes, blast furnaces, chemicals and generators in return for coffee, cocoa, sugar, bananas, wool and hides.

The Germans went after their share of

man salesmen in belted jackets, speaking good Spanish or Portuguese, take pride in a three-word motto: "Sell, sell, sell!" They welcome small orders, quite feasible in German plants, where labor comes cheap and a product can easily be retooled for the individual customer. By building an engine that operates on either diesel fuel or natural gas, Germans got much Venezuelan oilfield business. "And we'd have made it run on buttermilk if that's what they wanted," bragged the designing engineer.

Between bartering and salesmanship, Germans pushed their 1954 exports to Latin America above the \$500 million mark, compared to the prewar record of \$300 million plus. Nevertheless, German businessmen are far from satisfied. Once



VOLKSWAGEN BUSES AT BOGOTÁ'S BULL RING
The Germans have three words for it: "Sell! Sell! Sell!"

Foto Press

the trade by ingenious bartering agreements signed with eleven countries. No hard and fast commitment, each bilateral trade agreement simply budgets an equal two-way trade for a year, usually with an arrangement for "swing" credit if either of the contracting nations fails to fill its quota. Bartering is a step away from free trade, which German Minister of Economy Ludwig Erhard ardently urges. But he goes along with it because, by skirting present currency shortages and exchange difficulties, it works.

On Buttermilk. Once a barter agreement has paved the way, the Germans have made the best of it with service and salesmanship. "If you inquire in France, the U.S., Great Britain and Germany about buying machinery," says a Caracas businessman, "the Frenchman doesn't answer, the U.S. company sends a catalogue, the Briton assures you his product is the best, and two Germans show up and ask, 'Where do we put it?'" In capitals and backlands throughout Latin America, Ger-

man salesmen in belted jackets, speaking good Spanish or Portuguese, take pride in a three-word motto: "Sell, sell, sell!" They welcome small orders, quite feasible in German plants, where labor comes cheap and a product can easily be retooled for the individual customer. By building an engine that operates on either diesel fuel or natural gas, Germans got much Venezuelan oilfield business. "And we'd have made it run on buttermilk if that's what they wanted," bragged the designing engineer.

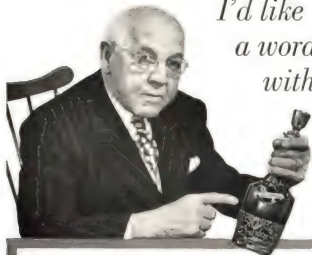
ARGENTINA

Back to the Bordello

After a police roundup jailed 300 homosexuals in one night last week, Buenos Aires' well-coached press promptly drew the moral the government wanted: seduction was on the increase in Argentina, and the obvious answer to the problem was legalized prostitution. One newspaper also blamed the country's 1936 ban on licensed bordellos for "the recrudescence

"If you got THIS for Xmas . . .

*I'd like
a word
with you!"*



A special message from Julian P. Van Winkle,
President, Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Louisville, Ky.:

Maybe you wonder why I tapped *you* on the shoulder to read this message—so I'll tell you straight, without fancy phrases.

First, I hope you liked your OLD FITZGERALD Gold-Coaster. We're prejudiced, but we think it speaks mighty well for the taste and judgment of the friend who gave it to you. We sold a boat-load of them, by the way—and we're sorry some folks were disappointed because we couldn't supply enough.

Mainly, though, I hope you liked the genuine sour mash whiskey in it. It's the real article, and we've got the connoisseurs to prove it! Fact is, I'm counting on that fuller, richer Fitzgerald flavor to make you wonder if you haven't been a little underprivileged in your enjoyment of good bourbon up to now.

I'll be pleased—but not surprised—if you decide you want your next whiskey purchase to be that same OLD FITZGERALD—in the regular bottle.

So I'm inviting you, next time you visit your club, package store or bar, to join the inner circle of bourbon connoisseurs who point to the green label with the red diagonal stripe. And, if you prefer a decanter for home pouring, I hope you will keep your Gold-Coaster filled with the same matchless flavor that originally came in it.

J.P. Van Winkle

100 PROOF KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON



of shameful attacks on women." A few days later, Strongman Juan Perón cracked open the 1936 law with a decree authorizing provincial and local authorities to permit brothels "in suitable places."

Whether or not Perón was sincere in billing the decree as a remedy for Argentina's worsening sex-offense problem, most Argentines looked upon the measure as a new attack in his running feud with the Roman Catholic Church (*TIME*, Jan. 3 *et ante*). The Peronista paper *Crítica* went out of its way to allege that 80% of the homosexuals arrested last week "had been educated in religious schools."

Feuding & Fussing. Impatient of even mild opposition, Strongman Perón has been feuding with the church since last summer, when he became worried about clerical influence in labor unions and the possibility of a Roman Catholic political party. Since then, the cops have banned numerous Roman Catholic gatherings and jailed several priests. Scores of priests have lost government jobs as teachers or chaplains.

The most serious blow of all was the law of a fortnight ago making divorce legal for the first time in Argentina's history. Last week the Argentine episcopate issued a letter deploring the divorce law, ordered it read from every Roman Catholic pulpit in the country. A newly formed underground association distributed pamphlets urging Catholics to display their loyalty to the faith by wearing badges of Roman Catholic organizations and bowing to priests "proudly and ostentatiously." In Buenos Aires and Córdoba, gangs of Roman Catholic youths beat up several bogus priests—apparently government agents in clerical garb—who were roaming the streets creating disturbances and yelling insults at women.

Chipping & Sniping. Despite the flare-up of resistance—or perhaps because of it—Perón & Co. kept right on with the sniping. In the province of Córdoba, the legislature voted to withdraw all subsidies from Roman Catholic schools. In Buenos Aires, the Peronista newspaper *Democracia* called for the removal of Roman Catholic "idols" (*i.e.*, religious statues) from schools. Interior Minister Angel Borlenghi signed a decree authorizing non-Catholic religious organizations to provide "material and spiritual help" in hospitals and prisons and charitable institutions—a privilege previously reserved to the Roman Catholic Church. And persistent rumors had it that Perón was even getting ready to put an end to the special constitutional status of the Roman Catholic Church as the nation's official religion.

• Before 1936, Buenos Aires was notorious as a main terminal in the international white-slave trade, and bordellos flourished in every Argentine city. One of the most lavish was Madam Sals's spacious chalet in the city of Rosario. The staircases were marble, the curtains red velvet, the bedclothes silk, the girls mainly French or Polish, and the going rate about the equivalent of an average white-collar worker's weekly wage. The law of 1936 closed Madam Sals's and other Jewish establishments, but less conspicuous brothels continued to operate, and free-lance pickups, of course, kept hard at work.

Like magic...

corporate dollars and life insurance can work these wonders:

1. A \$50,000 policy on an executive who dies may give a corporation the equivalent of more than \$1,000,000 in gross sales . . . *and also* return to the corporation every dollar paid for the insurance.
2. A \$50,000 policy on a key employee who dies may provide *tax free* funds for use by a corporation in paying the family of the deceased \$5,000 fully exempt from income tax, plus \$5,000 annually for nine years . . . *and in addition*, reimburse the corporation for every dollar paid for the insurance.
3. Retirement income for key employees may be assured at remarkably low cost—perhaps less than the cost of equivalent benefits under a qualified pension plan.
4. Corporate accumulated funds may be made available for the payment of estate taxes of stockholder-employees on a remarkably favorable tax basis.

These benefits are not fantastic . . . not restricted to only a few corporations. By transferring cash assets **WITHIN THE CORPORATION** these and other benefits can be made possible for many companies—perhaps yours.

For information on how life insurance can benefit your business, fill out and mail the coupon today.

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MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., Dept. T
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Please give me, without obligation, complete information on how
Massachusetts Mutual life insurance can benefit my company.

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Company _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The annual Honors List of Britain's **Queen Elizabeth** was published with a rare omission: no famous author or actor appeared in the roster of nearly 2,000 British subjects who made the grade. The **Aga Khan**, 77, who as holder of four British knighthoods can already call himself Sir Mahomed Shah, got a fancy new title, mostly for his aid to Moslems in Britain's East African colonies: Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. Britain's urbane ambassador to the U.S., **Sir Roger Makins**, 50, joined the Aga Khan in the same order. Australia's holder of the world record for the mile run (3 min. 58 sec.), lanky **John Landy**, 24, was given the Order of the British Empire. Britain's great miler, **Dr. Roger Bannister**, had been ignored, but more because the list was so dull. London's press exploded in columns of indignation. The editorial consensus: the list had deteriorated into "a haven for aging admirals and bureaucrats."

Connecticut's Republican ex-Governor **John Lodge**, 51, narrowly defeated in last November's election, was nominated as Ambassador to Spain, replacing Career Diplomat **James C. Dunn**, who will take over the U.S. embassy in Brazil. Brother of Chief U.N. Delegate **Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.**, he will go to Madrid as soon as his appointment is confirmed by the newly convened U.S. Senate.

In Washington, Attorney General **Herbert Brownell Jr.** flashed a pearly smile as he bedecked his pretty debutante daughter Joan, 18, with a rhinestone bracelet, a recent gift from one of Joan's bevy of beaux. A short while later, the

Brownells headed up a receiving line to launch the flouziest debut dance of the capital's coming-out season.

At the Vatican, ailing **Pope Pius XII**, warmly bundled up and strengthened by a series of blood transfusions, strolled in his gardens for half an hour, his loneliest period of outdoor exercise since his collapse a month ago.

After about 15 months of separation and wrangling over divorce terms, Yugoslavia's jobless ex-King **Peter**, 31, and his wife, **Princess Alexandra**, 33, suddenly kissed and made up. Peter headed for the Swiss mountain resort of Gstaad for a surprise reunion with Alexandra and their son, **Prince Alexander**, 9. Reported a friend who saw their delayed meeting:



PETER & ALEXANDRA
Poverty for the lovers.

"They just fell into each other's arms under the Christmas tree, and they have been like lovers ever since." But there was a small blight on their new-found bliss. Muttered Peter uneasily: "We have no money at all."

Japan's Emperor **Hirohito** greeted the New Year with his traditional annual poem, which as usual had the lift wrought out of it in translation. The royal quatrain: "Stout are the hearts/O! men who toil At their honest calling, Enduring heat and cold."

Cinematress **Ava Gardner**, a restless siren who has spent the past month roving the world and attending national premieres of her latest movie, *The Barefoot Contessa*, popped up in Stockholm. She wore shoes to a party in her honor, pursed her moist lips prettily to get a kiss from Swedish Cinemogul **Anders Sandrew**, who



AVA GARDNER & PLATONIC FRIEND
Shoes for the contessa.

surprised everyone by declining the lady's gambit, giving her a platonic buss on the forehead instead.

Mme. **Sun Yat-sen**, 64, sister of Mme. **Chiang Kai-shek** and widow of the Chinese Republic's founder, was named president of Red China's Sino-Soviet Friendship Association, a noisy organization set up mostly for propaganda purposes. Sample of Mme. Sun's inaugural speech: "Peace-loving people all over the world have been justifiably alarmed at the [U.S.] pressure exerted to ram through European parliaments the London and Paris treaties for rearming of West Germany." Then she got in a dig at her brother-in-law, **Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek**, and his Nationalist stronghold of Formosa: "The United States . . . attempts to prevent the Chinese people from liberating their own territory . . . [But] our [Sino-Soviet] monolithic unity . . . is indestructible in the face of any onslaught." After speaking her piece, Mme. Sun was wheeled out of the limelight to await the next occasion when her prestige will further enhance the trumpeted righteousness of her Red manipulators.

On the 2,950-square-mile game preserve of India's multimillionaire **Maharaja of Gwalior**, the Maharaja and another potentate, Yugoslavia's well-corseted and bemedaled **Marshal Tito**, went hunting for tigers. As some 300 ragged beaters, shouting and tossing small bombs, prowled through a ravine below the concrete platform on which Tito stood, three frightened tigers suddenly appeared. The Maharaja offered Tito a rifle. The Marshal gestured toward two cameras slung about his bulk and explained: "I prefer to shoot with these." The Maharaja himself then refused to take a potshot at the big cats. Tito's bag: several fine photographs of the rumps of harassed beasts as they scurried for the safety of the deep jungle.



HERBERT BROWNELL & DAUGHTER
Rhinestones for the debutante.



Home life gets a new pattern

Father has a power saw!
See him build a table!
What does Father want to prove—
That he's skilled and able?

Phooey! What has happened is,
Pop could do no other
Once he got the forceful hint
Gently dropped by Mother.

Mother saw it in McCall's—
Ringed it round like Saturn
Where it said the work's a cinch
With a *transfer* pattern.

Transfer patterns are the things
Mom is used to using;
Make both wood *and* needle work
Greatly less confusing.

Simply iron the pattern on,
Don't project or draw it.
All you do from there on out's
Hold the wood and saw it.

Thank McCall's—a trusted name,
Biggest in home-sewing;
In the new home workshop field,
Big—and swiftly growing!

McCall's

THE THEATER



DIAHANN CARROLL & PEARL BAILEY
Surrounded by love in lustful surroundings.

New Musical in Manhattan

House of Flowers (book by Truman Capote; music by Harold Arlen; lyrics by Capote and Arlen) has a good deal of what its title evokes. Out of a West Indian yarn of high-toned rival bordellos, of Mardi gras and cockfights and voodoo worship, spill brilliant color, exotic fragrance and tropical profusion. To be sure, the very things that give *House of Flowers* its charm and freshness also tend, after a while, to drain them away. For flowers wilt, and scent induces drowsiness.

But beyond the fine single things it boasts—the Negro dancing and Oliver Messel's wonderful sets and costumes—*House of Flowers* is a truly individual musical, to be saluted for what it possesses before being penalized for what it lacks. Truman Capote's tale of a bordello life full of genteel pretensions, and with far more high style than low instincts, has a nice rococo playfulness. Harold Arlen's score is attractive and unified, the songs delicate and unglit. About it all there hovers—despite no great amount of overt comedy—a sense of the humorous, and through it all move some excellent performers. Pearl Bailey can safely say almost anything, she looks so girlish, or do almost anything, she does it so gracefully. As the ingénue who finds love in such reputedly lustful surroundings, Diahann Carroll has a winning simplicity and innocence.

In time, however, *House of Flowers* is somewhat victimized by its virtues. What gives it unity of tone gives it sameness also; what gives it playfulness makes it decidedly slight. Never robust, the plot consistently thins: from the rivalry of the bordello madams emerge no comic

explosions, nor any satiric didoes from the gentility of the girls. In the second half, *House of Flowers* craves a sea breeze to dispel its island languor, a human note for its doll-like, bird-like world.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Flowering Peach (by Clifford Odets) tells, very much in its own way, the story of Noah. His scene a kind of historical no man's land—so long as there is any land—Odets chronicles a family whose habits and dress seem less Biblical than bohemian and who, with their slangy ways, seem more modern than ancient.

They are perhaps meant to seem agelessly racial. Noah may be hooted at when he first reveals God's warning of the Flood; but he is to be feared and obeyed, and can force a reluctant Japheth—who resents God's cruelty in letting other men drown—into the Ark. Odets tells, too, of family weaknesses: a Noah who drinks, a Ham who venches, a Shem who loves money, and of a cooped-up family's bickerings. But these people also have their loyalties and affections, and out of the Flood a despotic Noah learns humility.

The play has its pleasant, kindly and vigorous scenes. On occasion, too, there is a certain piquancy to its childlike scramblings of time and place. As Noah, Menasha Skulnik (*The Fifth Season*) is not only engaging and funny, but touching and dignified; and Berta Gersten can be funny and touching as his sour-sweet wife. Mordecai Gorelik's sets are cleanly pictorial, and Feder's lighting is inspired.

But if the play's garbling of eras is harmless, its juggling of levels is not. Odets has given the play no basic style: neither the vivid folkishness that *The Green Pastures* brought to the Bible nor

the Main Street flavor *The Golden Apple* gave to Homer. *The Flowering Peach* is sometimes gently philosophic, sometimes folksy, sometimes straight domestic comedy, and at its broadest, borscht-belt farce. What it displays is a meandering fancy rather than a fused vision.

As storytelling, moreover, *The Flowering Peach* runs around even before the rains have ceased. The characters' little habits become drearily habitual; the philosophizings employ too many and too unmagical words; the squabbles merely repeat themselves. Odets falls into a common trap: he cannot convey the peevish boredom of his floating prison without turning borscht-belt himself. But what stems in part from lack of movement stems from lack of meaning also. Writing his play on an intellectual milk diet, Odets tries vainly for the rich ferment of wine.

When he was 30, Menasha Skulnik was settled in Manhattan, playing Yiddish music comedy roles in the Second Avenue Theater. At last he saved enough money to bring his mother to New York from Poland, and one night bought her a front-row seat. It was her first reckoning with show business, since her son ran away from home at eight to become an actor. After the performance, Menasha took his mother to one side. "Well, Mama, what do you think?" Said Mama, with hushed astonishment: "From this you make a living?"

Mama never got used to the idea that being laughed at could pay off. But Menasha loved it. For 18 years he was the mainstay of the Second Avenue house. True, the shows had a conveyor-belt sameness about them: Menasha (who usually wrote and directed) always played a schle-



MENASHA SKULNIK
"From this you make a living?"

miel or a schnook—the little bumbling fellow who is kicked around, and yet somehow musters enough wit in the last act to win out. The story was usually laced with peasant-stock sex and plenty of slapstick, mugging, shuffling, shrugging and asides. The shows seldom failed: the audiences, fed by thousands of Jewish immigrants to the Lower East Side, always had a good time with Menasha.

Skulnik's debut on Broadway was a long time coming. For years, he says, the Broadway theatrical writers were always saying that his Second Avenue plays were not up to Menasha's capabilities. Then two seasons ago, he took his first English-speaking Broadway role: a cloak and suit manufacturer in the hit play *The Fifth Season* ("I was 75% Skulnik, 25% character"). Still, the reviewers claimed the play was not up to Menasha. After watching four performances, Playwright Odet asked him to read *The Flowering Peach*. A look at the first scene convinced Skulnik that "it would be an honor."

Now 59, Skulnik says: "This is the hardest role I ever had. The part is the longest on Broadway. I start in one mood and have to change like a juggler. Always changing I am. Now it's 25% Skulnik and 75% character."

Anastasia (adapted from the French of Marcelle Maurette by Guy Bolton) has a nice counterfeit ring to it that proves very welcome. Reviving the tale that when the Bolsheviks shot the Czar and his family, one daughter escaped. *Anastasia* goes back even farther in history for its storytelling than for its story. It is unabashedly gaudy theater stuffed with snob appeal, sentimental melodrama, bad writing, bravura acting, and a whopping second-act Big Scene. As sheer escape from reality it puts *Anastasia*'s from the Bolsheviks to shame.

Laid in Berlin in 1926, the play tells of some rascals who, knowing that a huge fortune of the Czar's is banked in Sweden, plot to rig up a claimant for it. They find one in a waiflike sick girl who has insisted, in a Bucharest hospital, that she is Princess Anastasia. Real or not, after being coached she passes muster with people who once knew Anastasia. But the great test is with the Dowager Empress, Anastasia's grandmother. This is also the great scene, and it is not only played to the hilt but even strikes, once or twice, to the heart. As the claimant, Viveca Lindfors is attractive and tremulous; as the Empress, Eugenie Leontovich invokes the grand manner imperially, without ever burlesquing it.

It would perhaps be unfair to divulge what follows: enough that, thanks to the play's noble-minded finale, history—unlike parts of *Anastasia*—calls for no rewriting. But it is good fun. If the villains rather lack polish and the love interest decidedly lacks glow, the other trappings are suitably choice. Coronets consistently outrank kind hearts: Czarist Russia vies favorably with Graustark. *Anastasia* is a true catharsis of hokum and highfalutin: for a week afterwards, the spectator wants to hear of nobody more illustrious than a shoe clerk.

Clark Equipment moves mountains



... of plywood

One man at the controls of this Clark lift truck can stack a 3-ton load of plywood to a height of 24 feet! Can you imagine how much time and effort would be involved to do this job manually? Clark machines have pioneered the science of efficient materials handling; they are the standard of industry the world over.



... or lays miles of pipe

Here's a completely different materials handling problem, but the answer is the same—Clark Equipment. The operator of this Clark-built MICHIGAN truck crane can spot a section of heavy pipe exactly where he wants it, simply with the flick of a wrist. On a Clark machine, one man can literally move miles and mountains of material.

Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan 74, Mich.

For 50 years, specialists in the basic business of
Transmitting Horsepower to Multiply Manpower

**CLARK
EQUIPMENT**

THE PRESS

No. 5 for the Knights

Of all U.S. daily newspapers, few are faster growing or more prosperous than those in the Knight chain. Since taking over the Akron *Beacon Journal* in 1933, John S. (Jack) Knight, 60, along with his brother James, 45, have bought papers in Miami, Chicago and Detroit, built them into the nation's third biggest chain (behind Hearst and Scripps-Howard), with a combined circulation of 1,380,766. Last week the Knights added a fifth link: the 84-year-old Charlotte, N.C. *Observer*, one of the South's biggest and richest newspapers. Price: about \$7,500,000.

The sellers were Mrs. Curtis B. Johnson, widow of the *Observer's* longtime publisher, who owned 5,750 (57½%) shares

with advertising to match. Since the Knight brothers took over the Akron *Beacon Journal* from their father, its circulation has grown more than 135% to 152,381. The Chicago *Daily News* has jumped almost 35% to 576,350 since they bought it, while the Detroit *Free Press* has grown 40% to 456,261 daily, jumped 48,000 last year alone; the Miami *Herald* has upped its circulation more than 325% to 204,774 daily. Is now Florida's biggest morning paper.

Third Man

For the two top editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* (circ. 4,577,727), the work load has been too much. Almost every night Editor Ben Hibbs, 53, and Managing Editor Robert Fuoss, 42, have lugged

coverage, produced two of the war's outstanding books of reporting, *Tarawa: The Story of a Battle*, and *On to Westward* (translated, they became Japanese bestsellers). Back on his old beat as a correspondent in the Far East, he has written 24 articles in 17 countries for the *Post* over the past 2½ years.

Storm over Censorship

When Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks set up the Office of Strategic Information two months ago, he stirred up an unexpected storm. The announced purpose of OSI was to furnish "guidance" to newsmen, thus keep "unclassified strategic data" from reaching the Russians. But many U.S. publishers rightly saw the Commerce Department's OSI as a means of censoring the U.S. press.

Last week, with the approval of OSI, the Commerce Department issued its first restrictions on printing nonclassified information. Magazines, newspapers and books cannot be exported, the Department announced, if they contain unclassified technical information on 53 categories of products, ranging from rubber hose and tubing to polytrifluorochloroethylene. The new regulations make it mandatory for exporters to get approval from OSI before exporting such technical data, or face the possibility that their publications will be seized.

But from a security standpoint the regulations made little sense. There was nothing in them to prevent the Russian embassy, for example, from buying in the U.S. and shipping abroad the same technical journals that Weeks would prevent U.S. publishers from exporting.

Twenty Years of Crime

Along London's Fleet Street, Sunday *People* Reporter Duncan Webb, 37, is sometimes called the "greatest crime reporter of our time." In almost 20 years of covering crime he has been slugged, kicked, lunged at with knives, shot at, knuckle-dusted and was once the target of a speeding automobile that raced onto the sidewalk of a narrow Soho street and tried to smash him against a building. Last week Webb was still wearing a plaster cast on his right wrist, broken two months ago when a London gangster known as "Jack Spot" objected to one of his stories by attacking Webb in a back alley of the city.

Arrest These Men. *The People*, a big (circ. 5,167,445) and sensational newspaper, appreciates Webb's talents. Under the headline WEBB ATTACKED IN LONDON BY TWO MEN IN TAXI, the paper once reported: "Readers are assured that despite the attack upon him, our investigator Duncan Webb will not be intimidated. His inquiries are continuing." One of his inquiries four years ago broke up a vice ring run by the Messina brothers, who had bossed London's pimps and prostitutes for 17 years. After the Home Secretary admitted in Parliament that Scotland Yard had insufficient evidence to break up the ring, Webb hammered away at the brothers in Page One stories under



PUBLISHER JIM KNIGHT (CENTER) & "OBSERVER" STAFFERS
Big-city help for a local operation.

of stock, and Mrs. Walter B. Sullivan, widow of the *Observer's* co-owner, who held the rest of the stock. The *Observer's* new publisher will be Jim Knight, executive vice president of the chain and general manager of the Miami *Herald*. Said new Publisher Knight in a city-room talk to the *Observer's* staff: "We intend to run the *Observer* as a completely local operation. We have a few tricks we can offer you as consultants. But you will have no absentee management."

For their money, the Knights got a paper with a daily circulation of 136,302 (146,180 on Sunday), one of the few U.S. dailies with a circulation larger than the population of the city it serves. Earnings in 1954 were about \$1,000,000 before taxes, and the paper has a \$2,000,000 cash surplus in the till.

If the Knights run true to form, the *Observer* will probably grow bigger and richer. The Knight papers boast the fastest growing circulation in their areas,

home briefcases stuffed with manuscripts to read until bedtime. Last week the *Post's* editors brought in some help. Fuoss will move up to the newly created post of executive editor, and the new managing editor will be Robert Lee Sherrod, 45, the *Post's* Far Eastern correspondent. Said Editor Hibbs: "I hope to divide the pie of executive editorial duties into three slices. That will permit us to get around a little more."

For Correspondent Sherrod, his rise to the managing editor's spot—and a salary estimated at \$40,000 a year—has been fast. He left TIME Inc. to join the *Post* only 2½ years ago, and the magazine got around to putting his name on the masthead as associate editor only last week. A Georgia-born newspaperman, Sherrod joined TIME Inc. in 1935, helped set up TIME's Washington bureau two years later. Covering the Pacific war area for TIME and LIFE, Sherrod won a commendation for bravery for his first-ashore, front-line



Joseph H. Snyder, President of the Color Corporation of America, tells:

“How we set a record with the Thunderbird!”

“When news got out about the Thunderbird, Ford dealers scheduled a big preview at Palm Springs, California,” relates Joe Snyder of Color Corporation of America.

“But as the date drew near, it became clear to Ford that the one Thunderbird then in existence—a hand-made model—would have to stay there in Detroit!

“The solution? Giant natural color prints—and Air Express.

“Films were rushed to the Color Corporation in Tampa,

and we made Hi-Fidelity color prints *larger than the top of a desk*. These were back in Detroit in record time—and in Palm Springs the day after!

“There is no other service comparable to Air Express. We would be just a local business without it.

“Yet Air Express rates are usually lowest of all. For instance, a 10-lb. shipment from Tampa to Detroit costs \$5.06. That’s 68¢ less than the next lowest-priced air service.”



Air Express



GETS THERE FIRST via U.S. Scheduled Airlines

CALL AIR EXPRESS . . . division of RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

such headlines as: ARREST THESE FOUR MEN. THEY ARE THE EMPERORS OF A VICE EMPIRE IN THE HEART OF LONDON. Webb doggedly traced their careers through France and Italy, turned over his information to Scotland Yard, including evidence that some of the brothers had falsified records to get British citizenship. Largely as a result of his efforts, their citizenship was revoked, and the ring broken up.

In the case of John George Haigh, who murdered nine people and dissolved their bodies in acid (TIME, Aug. 1, 1949), Webb scored another kind of beat. Haigh had sold the bylined story of his crime for 5,000 pounds to *The People's* competitor, *News of the World*. Webb went after Haigh's girl friend, who had adamantly refused all offers to tell her story. Webb dated her twice a week for two months, recalls: "I detested every minute of it." But he got her story—for nothing. Last fall he scored another clear triumph by persuading Gangster Billy Hill, undisputed boss of London's vast underworld, to let him ghost Hill's life story ("I am the gangster who runs the underworld"). Shortly after, Gangster Hill vanished from the sight of London police, who want to talk to him about a \$100,000 gold robbery.

Subway Interviewer. London-born Reporter Webb was a successful crime reporter from the day he took his first job as a copy boy on Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. On his way to work the first day he overheard a woman in the subway describe an attempted robbery in which she was the victim, interviewed her on the spot and got a story in the afternoon paper. He has since worked on dailies all over Britain, during World War II found time while serving in the merchant marine to write crime stories whenever he docked in England.

Webb looks back with professional wisdom on the crime wave after the war when London had 20,000 military deserters living at the end of their guns. Although London's underworld has quieted down considerably since then, Webb has still uncovered more than enough material to satisfy *The People* and to fill three books (*The Verdict Is Mine, Crime Is My Business and Deadline for Crime*). He has no fear of his underworld sources drying up. Explains Crime Reporter Webb: "I don't tell police what the villains tell me, and I don't tell the villains what the police tell me."

Tangle Towns Tangle

For the ailing New York *Herald Tribune*, its "Tangle Towns" contest has been as stimulating as a double shot of whisky. After the contest started four months ago, the paper picked up about 70,000 new readers. To win the \$25,000 in prizes, contestants have to guess the names of towns in New York state represented by scrambled anagrams (see cut) and described in such clues as: "People of one religious faith from all over the state gather here for an annual meeting. It is a small country village and was first settled about



REPORTER WEBB
Wanted: a well-ghosted gangster.

1790.* As the *Trib* expected, so many contestants solved the first 54 Tangle Towns that the paper started a series of tough tie-breakers."

But the double shot for the *Trib*'s circulation turned out to be the world's worst hangover for the New York Public Library. Close to 500 telephone calls a day have been flooding into the library's reference center for answers to Tangle Towns clues. Pages have been torn from atlases, and thousands of dollars worth of other books mutilated or stolen. Fights have broken out when as many as 25 people tried to grab the same volume of an encyclopedia; some eager contestants have removed source books from their proper places on the shelves, hidden them where no one else could find them. Copies of the WPA's guide to New York state have not only disappeared from the library and most of its 80 branches; its price in secondhand bookstores has soared to as much as \$100 a copy. Said a harried librarian: "One day the clue had to do

* Solution: Quaker Street.



TRIP'S TIE-BREAKER
Hidden: three trays of Mormons.

with Mormons and we just had to remove the three trays in our card catalogue dealing with Mormons."

Even the rival New York *Times* and *Daily News* were having their troubles over the *Trib*'s contest. Both papers' information services and morgues have been deluged with thinly veiled queries that would help solve Tangle Towns clues. The Public Library finally found a hangover cure. It put its own researchers to work figuring out the daily Tangle Towns answers, and gave them to anyone who asked for them.

The *Trib* was unconcerned over this answering service, and hinted that some of the library's solutions were wrong. In any case, it said that the contestants for the final tie-breakers would meet in the paper's offices, where no outside help will be allowed. As for the city's damaged libraries, the *Trib* was planning to help replace torn, mutilated and missing books.

The Dior (Horror) Look

The 20 million copies of horror comics sold on U.S. and Canadian newsstands every month will soon have a new "Dior Look." Under the new voluntary Comic Book Code adopted by the industry to avoid state and community censorship (TIME, Nov. 8), heroines have been redrawn with less obvious curves and more obvious clothes. Comic Book Censor Charles F. Murphy, a former New York City magistrate, announced last week that his staff has already ordered revisions of 5,656 drawings, 25% involving the "reduction of feminine curves to more natural dimensions." Other changes: witchlike villains with wavy hair and fanglike teeth have been converted into subtler harpies who would not cause a stir at a proper tea party; knives have been pulled out of corpses, pools of blood mopped up, and "unsuitable" and "objectionable" ads have been thrown out. Sample "objectionable": bullwhips.

Victory

New York newsmen last week won the right to cover court trials whenever the defendant wants them there, even if the judge does not. In reviewing the conviction of Oleomargarine Her Mino F. ("Mickey") Jelke III for pimping for New York prostitutes, the State Court of Appeals ordered a new trial for Jelke. The grounds: Manhattan General Sessions Judge Francis L. Valente had no right to bar newsmen from the trial (TIME, May 31). Said the court's majority opinion: "Due regard for the defendant's right to a public trial demanded at the very least . . . that he be not deprived of the possible benefits of attendance by the press. Its widespread reporting of what goes on in the courts may well prove a potent force in restraining possible abuse of judicial power. This being so, justification for excluding the press in this case may not be found in the sensational and vulgar coverage which the proceedings may have been receiving in some newspapers, and which evidently disturbed the trial judge."

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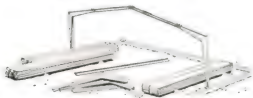
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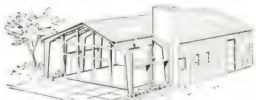
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EDUCATION

Niddy Niddy Nod

The odd little boy with the body of a toy and the neck that works like a spring seemed forever in a jam. But at London's Stoll Theater last week, Little Noddy had plenty of friends. All he had to do when in trouble was to peer over the footlights and cry: "You'll help me, won't you, children?"—and hundreds of squeaky voices would answer: "Of course we will, Noddy. Of course!"

In the six years since Author Enid Blyton first put him into a book, Little Noddy has amassed a formidable following. Among Britain's moppet set, he is as famous as Pooh or Piglet; sells faster than Alice, is better known than Kenneth Grahame's Mole. He has appeared in eight

older books are really first-rate juvenile thrillers, have achieved such a vogue in the U.S. that public libraries can scarcely keep up with the demand. But just how many volumes she has produced in all, even Enid Blyton herself cannot tell. Best estimate: 370.

Somehow she also finds time to fill up the fortnightly *Enid Blyton Magazine* (circ. almost 300,000). She replies in writing to 3,000 fan letters a week, deals with 75 British and 40 foreign publishers, supervises four children's social clubs (365,000 members), one of which supports a convalescent home for children under five. Her well-known surgeon husband runs five different Enid Blyton companies, collects royalties from such products as Noddy chocolates, Noddy nighties and

Brownie, and Mr. Pink-Whistle, "who goes about the world putting wrong things right." Thus, when Mr. Plod the Policeman wants to clap Noddy into jail on bread and water and rice pudding, Noddy's friends whisk him off on the Toyland Train ("Chuffity-chuffity-chuffity-chuff") to find the real culprits in Goblin-Land. Naturally, everything turns out all right in the end—but not without plenty of screams and squeals from the audience.

Will Noddy ever achieve the stature of an Alice or a Peter Pan? Most adults are apt to niddy nod at the idea. But anyhow, he will obviously be around for a while. Enid Blyton has just had her ninth Noddy novel published, and from her tidy house with its black cocker spaniel sitting at the gate, there is no telling how many more words will come. "Once I get started," says she blithely, "I've just got to go on and on. Oh, I love it!"



AUTHOR BLYTON (CENTER) & FRIENDS
Newer than Pooh, faster than Alice, stronger than Mole.

10,000-word books (10 million copies), five Noddy annuals, four strip books, 30 small books, been translated into everything from Swahili to Tamil to Hebrew. Last week, after he made his debut on the stage, London critics had to admit that *Noddy in Toyland* is a hit.

Five Hundred Slips. To Enid Blyton, success was predictable. She has developed such an instinct for what children like that she almost never fails to please. As a young woman, she had a school of her own. She taught all the subjects herself, wrote all the children's stories, started trying to sell them to publishers. By the time she married Surgeon Kenneth Darrell Waters, she had 500 rejection slips, but was still determined to make writing her career.

Today she is a sort of Edgar Wallace of the juvenile world. Not only can she finish a Little Noddy book for five-year-olds in a day, she also writes about Mr. Pink-Whistle for seven-year-olds, can dash off a 60,000-word adventure for "over eleveneens" in a week. Some of these

Noddy village models. Enid Blyton has also obliged her fans with an autobiography. Its beginning: "If you came to tea with me, you would soon see where I live and what my home is like. You would walk down the country road looking for my house. Before you got there, you would probably say, 'That must be Green Hedges. Enid Blyton's house, because look—there's a black cocker spaniel sitting at the front gate.' You would be right."

Parp! Parp! Last week, at the Stoll Theater, Noddy and his friends went through a typical Noddy plot. As the curtain opens, Noddy is peacefully driving his Toyland Taxi ("Parp parp! Parp parp!"), when all of a sudden the Red Goblins appear. They tip over lamp posts, steal the keys that wind up the clockwork clocks, let all the animals out of Noah's ark. And who gets blamed for all the mischief? Little "Niddy Niddy Nod" Noddy, of course.

Fortunately, Noddy is a popular fellow in Toyland. The Golliwogs like him, and so do Silky the Pixie, Big Ears the

"Leftist Dynamite"

Is Joseph McCarthy really "the stereotype of the Big Bad Wolf of fascism" as so many liberal intellectuals assume? Quite the contrary, said Pulitzer Poet Peter Viereck, associate professor of history at Mount Holyoke College, before the American Historical Association last week:

"Liberals are quite correctly aware of the more obvious right-wing root of McCarthyism in Old Guard Republicanism. But they are often unaware of its less obvious left-wing root in the midwestern radicalism of the old Populist and Progressive Parties . . . The normal, middle-road, educated American that you meet in literary-academic circles assumes automatically that McCarthy is a fascist, out to found the usual storm-troop dictatorship as described in the sociology texts based on European history . . . I view McCarthyism as so dangerously seductive to America, and such a very real threat to our liberties, because it is so different from fascism and from analogies with Europe . . ."

"McCarthy basically is not the fascist type but the type of the left-wing Populist or Jacobin agitator, the barn burner, the Wild Man, by an infallible instinct and not 'by accident' subverting precisely those institutions that are the most conservative, venerable and patrician—from the Constitution, the most decorated or paternal generals (Marshall, Eisenhower, Taylor, Zwicker) to the leaders of our most deeply established religions and precisely the most ancient of our universities . . ."

"He satisfies the resentments of his followers (both those from the Eastern slums and those from the Western *non-veux riches*) because his sincerest hatred is always against the oldest, most rooted, and most deeply educated patrician families (the Cabot Lodges, Achesons, Conants, Adlai Stevensons). Confining myself to native American growths and not to alien importations like Communism, I would classify McCarthy as the most radically and instinctively leftist dynamite in American history since the I.W.W. . ."



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MUSIC

Successful Saint

When Gian-Carlo Menotti was a child, at home near Milan, he was crippled in one leg. A devout nurse took him to a shrine of the Madonna, and shortly afterwards he was cured. He still believes that his cure could have been miraculous. But at the same time, Composer Menotti also believes that he does not believe: he admits to skepticism and has left the Roman Catholic Church. This contradiction has turned up in Menotti operas before (e.g., *The Medium*), in the shape of dramatic conflicts between some form of faith and reason. The theme is roughly treated in Menotti's new opera, *The Saint of Bleeker Street*, which last week opened on Broadway to rave reviews. It is Menotti's most ambitious opera to date, and perhaps his best.

As his own librettist, Menotti sets the scene in New York's Little Italy, and superimposes the sometimes gay, sometimes squalid American lives of its citizens on their Old World traditions. This time, the conflict between faith and reason is personified by Annina, the young and sickly "saint" who has visions of the Crucifixion and shows the holy stigmata on Good Fridays, and her rebellious brother Michele, who thinks religion is fanaticism. Annina yearns to become a nun, but Michele thinks her visions are delusions and tries to prevent her from taking the veil.

Tongue-Lashing Aria. Menotti is a master melodist and an excellent hand at concocting workable dramatic episodes. Moment by moment, he has his audience believing in his action, even if it is laden with stereotypes. Each of his five scenes works to a strong, stirring climax. Michele drives the gawking neighbors out of his cold-water flat after Annina's vision. During a religious parade, he is beaten and shackled to a steel fence in symbolic martyrdom. He stabs his mistress after she accuses him of incestuous love for Annina. In a bleak subway station, he curses Annina when she insists on taking the veil. And finally Annina becomes the bride of Christ in a chilling ritual.

For the first time, Menotti turned from small-scale, small-cast operas, such as *The Consul*, and created a full-scale Italian-style opera, used a large chorus and a 56-piece orchestra (he worked on it for a year, on a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation). In preparation, Menotti made two afternoon field trips to Manhattan's Mulberry Street to get the flavor of his subject. He writes with absolute conviction in an idiom that was new when Puccini was young. His strings sing with silken suavety behind tender scenes, but brasses and percussion can also rasp

and grump disturbingly. Tenor David Poleri (Michele) has a tongue-lashing, show-stopping aria ("... You are ashamed to say: 'I was Italian'"), and Soprano Gloria Lane² as his mistress has another ("... What does she ever do for you, except light candles for your soul?"). Virginia Copeland, steadily dramatic as Annina, sings moving, melodious recitatives. Other standouts: some impressive liturgical choruses, a bawling jukebox sequence, and a sweet trio of Tuscan songs artfully written in an improvisatory manner.

Incorruptible Love. *The Saint* (already booked for Stockholm, Berlin and Milan's La Scala) has everything, in fact, except perhaps the ability to make its hearers identify themselves with its characters. It is not so much moving as effective. More important, the libretto is inconclusive: Is Author-Composer Menotti really on the side of the saint, or on the side of the murderer-skeptic?

² Who played opposite Poleri in *Carmen* in Chicago in 1944. That time he lost his temper (at the conductor) and stalked off the stage just before he was to deal her the blow.



SOPRANO COPELAND AS THE SAINT
Drama through faith v. reason

Menotti likes being inconclusive. What he is trying to show with his opera, he says, is simply "all the kinds of human love"—mother love, conjugal, fraternal, carnal, even incestuous love. Above all, there is the love of God. Says Skeptic Menotti: "Whatever you believe, all men know that only the love of God is incorruptible." If the opera never quite makes up its mind as to whether faith or reason wins, Menotti thinks that is an Italian trait. "We are all rebels, and yet we wear a cross hidden under our shirts. We hate the clergy and love the church or hate the church and love God." He adds: "I offer no solutions. I am satisfied if I shock that is, if I create strong emotion."

In the Grove

For three-quarters of a century, the sun never set on *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. For archivists and amateurs, professors and performers around the world, England's queen-size compendium³ was the first authority on the ways and means of music. But the fourth edition of *Grove's* (published in 1940) was much the same as the first (1878), and after World War II, London's Macmillan & Co. decided it was high time for a completely revised edition. After nearly ten years of labor—by about 500 contributors under the stern supervision of London Music Critic and Scholar Eric Blom—*Grove I* is out at last. Almost twice as big as the 1940 edition, it runs to a weighty nine volumes (at \$127.50 a set) that fascinatingly reflect the world of music in mid-20th century.

Film to Concrete. Among the new developments since *Grove IV*:

❑ The phonograph (called gramophone in British English), which in 1940 got 3½ pages plus a perfunctory listing under MECHANICAL APPLIANCES (along with barrel organs and pianolas), gets eight pages in 1954, including the comment that "all over Europe . . . American technicians are to be found with their spoils of recording tape."

❑ Film music, with no listing in *Grove IV*, gets 16 pages documenting the art from its early catch-all scores (catalogued as *The Slimy Viper*, *Grotesque Misterioso*, *Love's Response*, etc.) to background music by such recognized modern composers as Copland, Honegger and Prokofiev, with learned descriptions of how music is photographed on film and a running account of how a film composer operates.

❑ CONCRETE MUSIC: a recent development involving recorded natural sounds that are edited and (usually) electronically transformed into (usually) hair-raising compositions, gets a stiff nod. *Grove's*

³ Substantially unaltered and edited by Sir George Grove, *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, published between 1878 and 1940, was the first comprehensive reference work in musical literature and the standard of the musical world.

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admits that it "does represent a new means of expression."

¶ The diminished seventh, a foreboding chord much abused by 19th century composers and some 20th century organists, gets its comeuppance. Because it has four notes belonging to widely distant keys, Editor Blom recalls a reference to it as a railway station, from which it is "possible to get to any destination in the shortest possible time . . ." He adds, "It became stale . . . not only because later composers abused its sensational nature but also because as a harmonic device it represents a line of least resistance."

¶ Schoenberg's once highly controversial twelve-tone system is recognized as a technique of worldwide significance in 20th century composition.

¶ Jazz still "occupies a place entirely apart," but is given a complete chronicle from its African origins through pop. In *Grove II*, blues were kissed off with a *Sex Fox Trot*.

Beethoven to Mendelssohn. As a result of Editor Blom's uninhibited pen (always filled with green ink), much of *Grove V* is merry and informative,⁹ avoids the sentimental dogma of earlier editions. Where Sir George Grove in *Grove II* was "certain" that Beethoven's romantic "attachments were all honorable," *Grove V* is more cautious, also concludes that "we need not expend much pity upon Beethoven the thwarted lover." Beethoven's cryptic answer when asked what the *Appassionata Sonata* meant ("Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*") is now interpreted as a flip: "Don't ask silly questions."

Mendelssohn, who was the No. 1 darling of *Grove IV*, with 60 florid pages ("Few instances can be found in history of a man so amply fitted with every good quality of mind and heart"), gets his shirt shortened. *Grove V* explains that he expected a minimum of intellectual effort from his audiences and failed to write a successful opera because he was unwilling to "speak of his own emotional life: to exhibit naked feeling appeared as a breach of etiquette."

Mild-mannered Cyclopedist Blom, 66, also sharpened up his donnish ax on the Queen's English and "made war" on certain usages that irked him. Among the casualties: GLISSANDO, which Blom calls a "mock-turtle with a French head and an Italian tail . . . unfortunately used by composers anywhere but in Italy," and TONE (used for "note" in twelve-tone music), which "has been accepted in America," says *Grove V* severely, "but must not be allowed to impose itself on the English language."

Grove V "aims at being encyclopedic and universal," writes Blom. It shows the expanding universe of music: the ever-

⁹ And sometimes quaint. Samples: "Charles," (Mr. Charles) b. 7, d. 7. Prob. Hungarian 18th-century horn player and clarinetist. He is a shadowy but important figure, since he was the first named performer on the clarinet in the British Isles." [Zuppolo. In modern Italian, the name for the tin whistle. [There is] no reason for concluding, as some have done, that [the] zuppolo was a small shawm."



EDITOR BLOM
The diminished seventh diminished.

increasing number of musicians, the broadening audience, the hints of new kinds of music that may be heard in the future. The work's 8,350,000 words cover just about every aspect of music's history, creation and performance. Rather ironically, one word is too big for even *Grove's* to define. The word: MUSIC.

LP Price Cut

RCA Victor, biggest of all U.S. record manufacturers, took a bold step, chopped from 40% to 25% off its highest-priced LPs and EPs (mostly classical music). All Victor twelve-inch LPs (except original-cast show albums) now list at \$4.95, all ten-inch at \$2.95 apiece.

The record-price situation has long been as complicated as a Stravinsky score. A single company might have as many as 21 different "suggested list prices," for its different lines, speeds and performances, ranging from 80¢ to \$6.95. Furthermore, record dealers offer discounts, some as high as 30%, so that a customer might buy a \$5.95 LP in one shop and find the same disk for as little as \$4.25 in another shop.

Victor's move to simplify this maze simply brings list prices down to what people are paying at what discount dealers anyhow. Industry men and dealers sputtered as they heard the news. Columbia, Victor's biggest competitor, was caught with its policy down, hastily announced a cut that generally met Victor's new prices (but such high-cost items as the *Casals Festival* recordings will sell at \$4.95 or \$5.95). London also cut to Victor's level, except for operas. Both Angel, with its luxurious, factory-sealed albums imported from Britain, and Westminster bravely insisted that they would maintain present prices (standard top: \$5.95). Several small labels said they were cutting prices, although the competition may drive some independents out of business.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Busy Air

¶ In Hollywood, another movie lot surrendered to television when Ziv Television Programs, Inc. (*Mr. District Attorney*, *I Led Three Lives*, *Boston Blackie*, *Cisco Kid*) bought the six-acre American National Studios, formerly the home of Eagle Lion-Pathé.

¶ In Washington, Representative Sam Rayburn, the new Speaker of the House, flatly announced that, under the Democrats, there would be no televising of House committee hearings.

¶ In North Carolina, the nation's ninth educational TV network went on the air. Sponsored by the University of North Carolina with studios in Raleigh, Greensboro and Chapel Hill, the network's programs will range from do-it-yourself shows to historical sketches.

¶ In Hollywood, TV producers were impressed by the high ratings won by two relatively inexpensive dog shows: ABC's *Rin Tin Tin* (co-starring James Brown), which scored a tail-thumping 30.4 Nielsen, and CBS's *Lassie* (co-starring Tommy Rettig) with 27.8. Since TV film makers love to run in trends, viewers can soon expect a flood of shows dealing with the lovable qualities of Man's Best Friend.

Board Chairman A. D. Dunton of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. made a year-end television report. Canada now has 24 TV stations serving three-quarters of the nation's population; its 1,200,000 TV sets give it a world-ranking of third behind the U.S. (31.5 million sets) and the United Kingdom (3,500,000 sets); work is now in progress on a direct relay system connecting all stations in Canada from coast to coast.

The Week in Review

For stay-at-homes on New Year's Eve, television produced some fine coverage of the Times Square area, jammed with half a million revelers but marred, on NBC, by Ben Grauer's excessive commercials right up until the last minute of the old year. On *Tonight*, Steve Allen kept things consistently festive, and amused his viewers with an apt description of the holiday ("New Year's Eve is the night the A.A.A. and A.A. get together") and with his straight-faced predictions for 1955. Some of the predictions: Marilyn Monroe calendars will bring back 1954; Arthur Godfrey will fire his entire audience; Betty Furness will marry an iceman.

The week's dramatic shows filled the air with fleeing Communists. On *Danger*, three Soviet airmen in a bomber escaped over the North Pole to find sanctuary near Boston; on NBC's *Kraft TV Theater*, two refugee Polish ballet dancers came to earth in New Hampshire; on CBS's *Climax*, a Russian scientist, carrying a horrifying canister of newfangled germs for bacterial warfare, almost made it to freedom before his plane crashed somewhere near Copenhagen. U.S. military and U.S. intelligence agents came off su-



RIN TIN TIN & JAMES BROWN
Up the rating ladder . . .

perly in all these brisk encounters with the enemy, but the plays themselves were not very good.

ABC's *Kraft TV Theater* offered the week's best dramatic fun by dusting off an old Italian chestnut, Alberto Casella's *Death Takes a Holiday*, which was first seen on Broadway in 1929. Actor Joseph Wiseman played the Grim Reaper taking a three-day fling at mortal follies, and was ably seconded by Stiano Braggiotti as the tortured duke and Lelia Barry as the girl who falls in love with Death. On NBC's *Lux Video Theater*, veteran Pat O'Brien had an actor's field day in *The Chase*.



LISSIE & TOMMY RETTIG
. . . with Man's Best Friend.

Instead of portraying his usual role of the kindly parish priest, O'Brien zestfully acted the part of a blustering bully who alternately slapped Ruth Roman and groveled at her feet.

New Leaders

The most popular TV shows, according to last week's Nielsen report: 1) Jackie Gleason (CBS), 2) *Toast of the Town* (CBS), 3) *I Love Lucy* (CBS), 4) Milton Berle (NBC), 5) *Dragnet* (NBC), 6) *Disneyland* (ABC), 7) Martha Raye (NBC), 8) *Max Liebman Presents* (NBC), 9) Groucho Marx (NBC), 10) Jack Benny (CBS).

Only five of this season's leaders survive from the Top Ten of a year ago. *Fireside Theater* (NBC), which stood at No. 7 in December 1953, has dropped to thirteenth. The other four falterers (Bob Hope, *Colgate Comedy Hour*, *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, *Godfrey and His Friends*) have plummeted further—they are no longer to be found even in the top 20 shows. The season's best new comic, George Gobel, has climbed to No. 17 and seems headed for the Top Ten before the year is out.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 5. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Norby (Wed. 7 p.m., NBC). A new comedy series, with David Wayne, Joan Loring.

Best of Broadway (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Helen Hayes in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, with Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Billie Burke, Orson Bean, Edward Everett Horton.

President Eisenhower (Thurs. 12:30 p.m., all radio and TV networks). "State of the Union" message to Congress and the nation.

Kraft TV Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Margaret Phillips in John Galsworthy's *A Bit o' Love*.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Miriam Hopkins in *Sunset Boulevard*.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Grand tour of Grand Central Station, and first of a series on the Adams family.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Yellow Jack*, with Broderick Crawford, Dennis O'Keefe, Raymond Massey, Wally Cox, Eva Marie Saint, E. G. Marshall.

RADIO

Friday with Garraway (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). With Ginger Rogers, Singer Felicia Sanders.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Salome*, with Theobald Vinay, Sullivan.

College Quiz Bowl (Sat. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Tulane v. Minnesota.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). With Pianist Claudio Arrau.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Edward Arnold in "The Impeachment of Andrew Johnson."

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MEDICINE

Half a Family

When Vivian Chamberlain, 34, died in Stockton, Calif. last week, she was the fourth of 14 siblings to be carried off by a mysterious, muscle-wasting disease. Vivian was 15 when she was stricken with what doctors believed to be muscular dystrophy—a progressive wasting away of muscle power for which neither cause nor cure is known. She had gradually become disabled, spent her last two months in San Joaquin General Hospital. When Vivian fell the first ominous stiffening in her ankles, followed by weakness and loss of balance, one sister had already died. She

did little good at first, and soon became useless. They had found a new disease.

The G.I.s called it "Yokohama asthma" and were almost right. It is not confined to Yokohama, but to port cities like San Francisco, where the air is often ringed around by hills, with varied industries fouling the air. Careful tests rule out pollens as a major cause of the asthma. The Japanese call it "Yokohama asthma," convicted smog as the villain. A team of Army doctors reports: "By smelling the air late in the afternoon, one could predict with considerable accuracy the number of patients who would seek medical attention that evening."

Americans, it turned out, were not the only victims. The Japanese suffered from



VIVIAN CHAMBERLAIN (CENTER) WITH STRICKEN BROTHER & SISTER*
Trapped in a deadly mystery.

lived to see another sister and a brother die of complaints suggesting muscular dystrophy, which tends to sweep through whole families. A third sister had been in the hospital for two years; two others are disabled but still at home.

The other half of the Chamberlain brood—two sisters, five brothers, aged 20 to 39—all seem perfectly healthy.

Yokohama Asthma

When G.I.s and their dependents began to show up at the U.S. Army Hospital in Yokohama with asthma, the medics expected it to be the same old complaint. But the case histories were consistently different. Patient after patient reported that during his first fall or winter in Yokohama he had a persistent cold. Exertion made him gasp for breath, but he did not worry about this until he awoke, usually between 1 and 3 a.m., terrified because he thought he was suffocating. The next year, these cases got worse, and many became uncontrollable, the patients bordering on collapse. Also, the doctors found that the familiar treatment with Adrenalin

as had other Westerners, but they had failed to distinguish it from other types of asthma. So far, the researchers report, the only treatment for Yokohama asthma is to get out of places like Yokohama.

O.K. for Barbiturates?

O.K. U.S. physicians hand out too many barbiturates? Doctors prescribe from 3 billion to 4 billion doses each year, and there are estimated to be at least 50,000 confirmed addicts besides a host of habitual users. Two Washington, D.C. researchers polled colleagues, reported in *Postgraduate Medicine*: 1) most uses of barbiturates are necessary or at least legitimate; 2) unjustified prescriptions (for routine sedation or mild insomnia) do not occur often enough to justify new control legislation; 3) most doctors are eager to get rid of barbiturates, "are waiting only for the advancement of medical knowledge and the growth of psychiatric facilities" to cut down.

* Being interviewed in 1953 by a postal worker (left) for a muscular dystrophy campaign.

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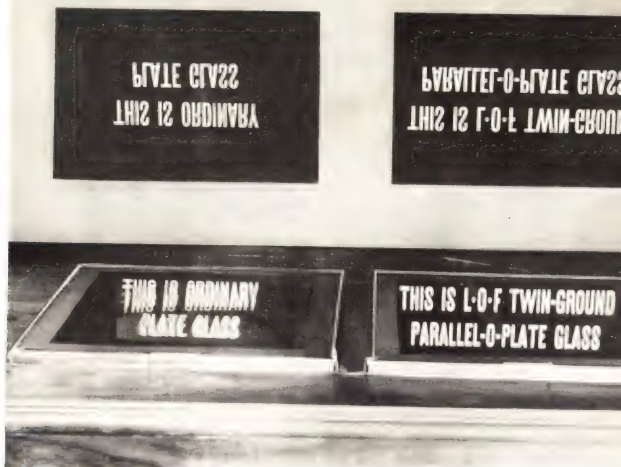
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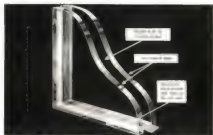
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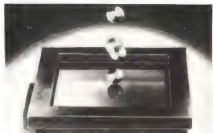
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Eastern Yeast

Because European art is in the doldrums, Americans are turning increasingly to the art of the East, for both diversion and inspiration. In the past three months, Manhattan has seen no less than 16 exhibitions of Oriental art. Last week Manhattan gallerygoers crowded two shows that uniquely bridged East and West. Both were important sculpture exhibitions, and both were by Japanese-Americans: Isamu Noguchi and Ruth Asawa.

Noguchi, 50, has long been recognized as a leading U.S. sculptor. Born in California, he spent his grammar-school years in Japan, his high-school years in the U.S., and his most fruitful years of study under Abstract Sculptor Constantin Brancusi in Paris. A consummate technician, Noguchi has variously turned his hand to fashionable portrait busts, abstract stone sculptures cut with a diamond saw, furniture, paper lanterns and stage sets. Since 1950 he has spent half of his time in Japan (where he married Screen Star Yoshiko Yamaguchi), concentrated on deliberately crude ceramic sculptures molded from the native earth, and modeled partly on prehistoric Japanese idols. The ceramics in last week's show were mainly semi-abstracts of figures and faces. They looked lumpish and exuberant at once—like the gingerbread cookies of a playful and somewhat inebriated baker.

Ruth Asawa, 28, is a San Francisco housewife and mother of three. She was born and raised in California, studied under Abstract Painter Josef Albers at Black Mountain College. Her show consists of big, wholly abstract sculptures, made of woven wire and suspended from the ceiling. If Noguchi's ceramics demonstrate a certain grinning bounciness in the Japanese heritage, Asawa's wire constructions show the opposite side: austerity

and calm. In their openness, delicacy and symmetry they somewhat resemble blossoms, odorless, colorless, outsize, yet refreshing to contemplate.

Noguchi and Asawa share one quality of Oriental art that Western artists often lack: economy of means. Their Japanese ancestors devoted vast efforts to making a single brush stroke look easy. By confining themselves to simple shapes made of patted mud and woven wire respectively, Noguchi and Asawa also achieved a pleasing quality of ease and oneness with their work. Judged by one standard test of art, *i.e.*, the proportion of visible effort to effect, their sculptures stand high.

Prices Going Up

The market for modern art is booming as never before. Some startling particulars of the boom were ticked off this week by Collector-Critic James Thrall Soby, writing in the *Saturday Review*: "If the prices for Matisse, Picasso, Rouault and Bonnard have tripled or quadrupled since the war, those of some of their less overwhelming colleagues have soared in far greater proportion . . . A Kandinsky costing less than \$1,000 in 1930 would now fetch about \$8,000; a Mondrian actually bought by an American museum 20 years ago for \$400 would be almost \$10,000 today . . . Paul Klee, which used to be less than \$500, are now ten times that price and going up steadily."

Soby himself is bullish, with reservations: "Certainly some of the famous artists of the past 75 years may one day slide abruptly down the banister of the staircase their market has ascended by stages; some will make the climb again; others will slump forever at the bottom of the flight. It seems to me, however, that the big figures in 20th-century art will hold their lofty place or go still higher."



SCULPTOR NOGUCHI & "BOKU"

Tom Mittleman



SCULPTOR ASAWA & WIRE ABSTRACTIONS

N. R. F. F. F. F. F.

ELEGANT LINES FROM AN ELEGANT AGE

IN retrospect, 18th century France seems to have been minuetting straight for the guillotine. Its art, with the emphasis on immediate sensual pleasure expressed in delicately tinted surfaces, often lacked the suggestion of tragedy that carries art beyond the incidental and transitory. But to contemporaries, the 18th century was the Age of Elegance, one of those brief moments in history when man can abandon himself to the art of living. Warmed by the afterglow of France's great Sun King, Louis XIV, the Versailles court lived a lavish life. Its taste and style were enviously mimicked in the other courts of Europe and in the newly decorated salons of Paris' prosperous bourgeoisie. The age's artists par excellence were François Boucher and his brilliant pupil, Jean Honoré Fragonard.

Boucher's patroness was Louis XV's mistress Madame de Pompadour, and the artist worked furiously to keep up with her demands and those of the court—decorations for châteaux, scenery for opera and theater, lush paintings of nudes, and tapestry designs for the revived Gobelin and

Beauvais works. But his talent for rendering sensuous and elegant women in symbolic attitudes is best seen in his drawings, where quick pencil strokes catch the freshness and spontaneity of his inspiration.

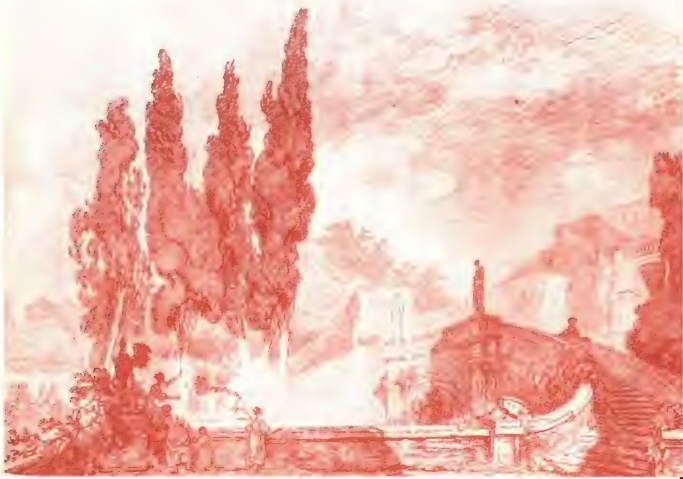
Fragonard, some 30 years younger than Boucher, drifted with the increasing vulgarity of his time, trying hard to please the flamboyant Madame du Barry. Often he peddled his frumpish nudes to Paris' burgeoning demimonde. Fragonard also was a master draftsman with an inspired poetic vision, as proved by his sanguines (red crayon sketches) of Tivoli's Renaissance palace, Villa d'Este, surrounded by antique ruins.

The Boucher and Fragonard drawings opposite are included in a collection of 55 masterpieces of French and Italian drawing on loan from France's Museum of Besançon and showing this week at The Detroit Institute of Arts. From Detroit the show will go on to Indianapolis, Cincinnati and San Francisco to give gallerygoers a fascinating look at what the *ancien régime* regarded as modern art.



BOUCHER'S "RIVERS AND STREAMS"

FRAGONARD'S "STAIRCASE AT VILLA D'ESTE"



SCIENCE

Where Is the Peking Man?

The Chinese Communists have already accused the U.S. of abducting one of the world's two oldest relics of human existence: Peking man (*Sinanthropus pekinensis*), whose 250,000-year-old remains^{*} were first unearthed near Peking in 1929 by Chinese Anthropologist W. C. Pei. Dr. Pei, apparently a Red convert, claimed in 1951 that the Japanese had heisted the bones during World War II, and (worse yet) that U.S. "agents" had snatched them from Japan after V-J day.

Last week, celebrating the 25th anniversary of Dr. Pei's discovery, the Peking radio announced that Communist scientists had uncovered pieces of Peking man in Shansi province. Now on display in Pe-

The Salmon-Colored Blur

The heroes of early aviation were men who tested dubious airplanes to see if they would fly, or bailed out with questionable parachutes to see if they would open. Much of this work today is done by expendable instruments, but a few human risk-takers are still needed. One of them is a 44-year-old medical officer at Holloman Air Development Center, Alamogordo, N. Mex. His colleagues consider him the bravest man alive.

Lieut. Colonel John Paul Stapp is a shortish (5 ft. 8 in.) bachelor with a small, neat punch. He speaks with professional precision, wears gold-rimmed glasses, likes to cook, grows roses and plays golf badly. His job in aviation medicine is to study

buffeting against him. Once his wrist pulled loose and fractured against a railing. He set it himself and that night had oysters for dinner because he could not eat any meat. The same wrist got smashed again later. "It is a little out of line," says Stapp, "about 10% deviation. But all I wanted was a functional wrist."

In spite of many injuries, Stapp is still reasonably functional, but his most recent rides have made it hard for him to stay so. Last month at Holloman he climbed into a nine-rocket sled. In his mouth he held a rubber "bite block" so that the jolting would not crack his teeth. His helmet was fastened firmly so that the wind would not break his neck. Four strong nylon belts lashed him to the seat. His elbows were lashed together by a strap behind his back, and his wrists were lashed together in front. His legs were tied in three places: thighs, knees and ankles.

The nine big rockets (total thrust, 10,000 lbs.) fired all together, and the sled leaped down the rails, leaving behind a huge cloud of smoke and overtaking a jet plane flying overhead. When the rocket burned out, the sled was moving at 63 m.p.h. Then the water brake took hold, throwing fountains of spray, and brought it to a rapid stop.

Stapp, the careful scientist, recorded every novel sensation. He felt the rising storm of the wind against his body, and the terrible thrust of the rockets. During the five seconds that they burned, they accelerated the sled with a force of $7\frac{1}{2}$ Gs.^{*} pressing him back against the seat with $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 times the weight of his body. For about $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds he could see the track as a racing blur. Then his vision narrowed and blacked out altogether. Since he did not lose consciousness, he knew that the Gs had drained the blood out of his eyeballs, but not out of his brain.

Specks of Blue. When the rocket burned out, the Gs died down to nothing. The blackness in Stapp's eyes turned briefly to yellow, and like a fleeting vision he caught a glimpse of the world. It was gone in a blur of salmon-colored light: the water brake took hold and powerful deceleration forces, up to 35 Gs, slammed him against his belts.

"There was intense pain in the eyes," says Stapp dispassionately. "It felt as though my eyes were being pulled out of my head—about the same sort of sensation as when a molar is being yanked and you feel the roots begin to give. I had great difficulty breathing because of the tightness of my chest strap. When the sled stopped, the salmon blur was still there."

As a medical man, Stapp knew that the Gs had pulled his eyeballs outward and "impinged them against the eyelids." He did not know how far they had pulled, or whether the retinas had been detached (which would have made him permanently blind). "After the sled stopped," he says, "it was a minute or so before anyone came up. I was fully conscious. The someone opened my helmet, but I couldn't



LIEUT. COLONEL STAPP BEING LASHED TO ROCKET SLED
All he wants is a functional wrist.

king, said the Reds, were five of "his" teeth and pieces of arm and shinbone.

U.S. anthropologists had no facts to confirm or deny this latest Chinese claim. As far as they know, the Peking man's only relics were last seen in December 1941, when they were sent under U.S. Marine guard from Peking to the coast for wartime safekeeping in the U.S. But Pearl Harbor intervened, and the Marines spent the war in Japanese P.W. camps. The Peking man vanished. Some U.S. anthropologists believe that the precious bones lie unrecognized somewhere in North China. Or, by Chinese peasant custom, they may even have been ground up as "Dragon's Teeth" medicine and tossed off with a cup of tea to ward off senility.

* Approximately the same age and description as Java man (*Pithecanthropus erectus*) of low brow, apelike jaw and human teeth, whose skullcap and femur were first uncovered by Dutchman Eugene Dubois in 1892.

the effect of bailing out of speeding jet planes into fiercely buffeting air. Since jet planes flying at safe altitudes are inconvenient laboratories, especially for observing the effects of rapid stops, he uses the most horrifying vehicle ever devised by man: a sled pushed on rails by a cluster of roaring rockets. As an experimental subject, he uses his own body.

Faster & Faster. Stapp's first sled ride was seven years ago. The sled, a one-rocket job, got up to 90 m.p.h. and coasted to an easy stop. Later rides were not so gentle. More powerful rockets made the new-model sleds start like frightened jackrabbits and pushed them along the rails at the speed of fighter planes. Stapp rode them all. He suffered the acceleration forces as they speeded up and the even greater forces of deceleration as the water brake (long trough of water engaging a scoop on the sled) brought them to a wrenching stop. Faster and faster speeded the sleds; fiercer and fiercer grew the wind

* One G equals the force of gravitation at the surface of the earth.



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see anything. I yelled. 'I can't see.' They took off my helmet, and I tried to stand up, but I was too wobbly. I lifted my eyelids with my fingers, but I couldn't see a thing, just that salmon-colored blur. I shook my head, but that didn't help. They put me on a stretcher, and I saw specks of blue in the midst of the salmon blur. In about eight minutes the blue specks became blue sky and clouds. Then I knew that the retinas had not detached."

Stapp considered himself in excellent shape in other respects. He had two black eyes where blood vessels had ruptured; he had strap burns and bruises where bits of sand had blasted against him. His sinuses were blocked for three days; but in two days more he passed a physical examination and returned to duty.

Lashed Pilot. Colonel Stapp lives in his house near Holloman, enjoying hi-fi music and pondering the lessons of his latest sled ride. He thinks that he experienced more wind and deceleration than a pilot bailing out at the speed of sound at 35,000 ft. altitude. This may be taken as proof, he believes, that an ejection seat (cost: \$4,000) is enough to save such a pilot's life, and that an elaborate "ejection capsule" (cost: \$10,000) is not needed. The pilot, he remarks, would have to be lashed down to the seat, or the wind would break his arms, legs and neck.

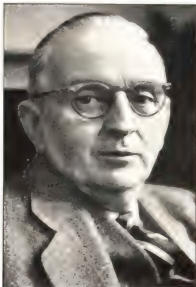
New tests are in the offing. Under development is a sled that will speed much faster on a longer track. It will have a windshield, permitting better streamlining. But at the point of highest speed, the shield will be jettisoned. Then wind at 24 lbs. pressure per sq. in. (3,456 lbs. per sq. ft.) will strike the occupant's body. The occupant? Colonel Stapp.

Destruction of Confidence

At the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last week at Berkeley, a dramatic circumstance set the stage for an emphatic speech. Retiring president of the A.A.A.S. is Edward Uhler Condon, former chief of the National Bureau of Standards; for years he has been attacked as "a security risk," and last October his clearance was canceled by Navy Secretary Charles Thomas. Incoming President Warren Weaver is director of the Division of Natural Sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation, which has been attacked as part of a "subversive conspiracy" by Congressman Carroll Reece's investigating committee (TIME, Jan. 3).

With Condon beside him on the platform, President Weaver rose to speak. "There is at present," he said, "a sickness in our country—a sickness of rumor and anxiety, of suspicion and distrust . . . In part this sickness is due to overemphasis on caution . . . In part it is an anti-intellectualism, a strange and dangerous lack of faith in scholarly competence . . . In its worst part it is the horrid result of political pressure, of personal selfishness, and of the pathological arrogance of demagogues with small and nasty minds."

"One of the most dangerous and wicked results of this disease is the destruction of



A.A.S. PRESIDENT WEAVER
Don't fight firing with fire.

confidence—confidence that honest, capable and devoted service will be rewarded as such . . . confidence that the precious Anglo-Saxon tradition of due process will be observed . . .

"The time has been reached . . . when it is no longer defensible to fail to take a stand. We must use all our wits and our patience, all our reasonableness and courage . . . In particular we [must] not fight fire with fire. Freedom is too precious to deserve rash or stupid support."

"There is some encouraging evidence that this past year may have seen the worst of this disease. There are promising signs that at appropriately high levels in our government a concern now exists to improve the whole loyalty-security-setup . . . If so, then there is a poetic appropriateness to this occasion. It is my very great pleasure, and my special honor, to present to you Edward Uhler Condon, the retiring president."

As crew-cut Dr. Condon got to his feet, the normally unemotional scientists cheered for three minutes.

Lights of Love

In Britain's *Discovery*, Biologist N. B. Marshall tells how fish make their eyes useful in the dark ocean depths. Some have enormous, supersensitive eyes to catch the faintest glimmers from the luminous organs of their prey or enemies. Others have tubular eyes like telescopes or light-projecting organs like searchlights with lenses.

The large females of certain deep-sea species dangle flashing lights to attract edible victims. The eyes of the much smaller male are sensitive to this flashing code, but instinct warns him away from his loved one's tooth-studded jaws. Instead, he attaches himself to her skin, and they become literally as one flesh. Her blood feeds him intravenously for the rest of their wedded life.

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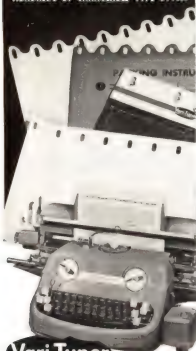
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RELIGION

The Proof of God

No less than 96% of U.S. citizens polled believe in God, according to a survey by George Gallup. Pollsters also asked the 96% what they thought was the most convincing argument for God's existence. The replies, in order of their frequency: "1) The order and majesty of the world around us. 2) There must be a Creator to explain the origin of man and the world. 3) There is proof of God in the Bible (or other church authority). 4) Past experiences in life give me faith that there is a God. 5) Believing in God gives me much comfort."

The Heart Strangely Warmed. In favoring the argument based on order in the universe, Americans chart a new swing of an old pendulum. Medieval man also saw God in the order of things, but his universe fitted snugly around him, with the world at the center. Outside the world and inside his head, logic ruled. St. Thomas Aquinas formulated his five famed proofs of God's existence with a respect for logic that is not commonly part of modern man's mental furniture. Aquinas rates the proof derived from order last—the other four: 1) motion—the passing from power to act—implies an unmoved Mover; 2) similarly, there must be an uncaused First Cause that possesses in itself the reason for its existence; 3) the existence of beings whose nonexistence is possible implies the existence of a necessary Being; 4) the scale of perfections evident in the universe implies the existence of an absolute standard, a perfect Being.

In the 18th and 19th centuries science began to drive away the mysteries—and the reason—in faith. Logic and faith were thought of almost as incompatible, and increasingly, religion fell back on emotion. Emotional arguments for God came into vogue, and an age that was swept with religious revivals looked to John Wesley's "heart strangely warmed." Highbrow believers harked back to Blaise Pascal, who found no God in nature; Pascal put his faith in mystical experience and the idea that God's existence coincides with human aspiration.

Consensus Universalis. But science, the 19th century's bringer of light, has become the 20th century's caster of darkness. Somewhere between the mysteries of the atom and the endless wastes of interstellar space, man seems to drift in helpless ignorance of the powers and purposes that hold him. The universe that once seemed to be clockwork now throbs with awesome power, before which modern men (including scientists) turn to God. On the other hand, Freud and hormones have mechanized man's yearning heart; man's emotions no longer lead easily from him to Him.

The fact that the argument about God's giving comfort (No. 5 in the Gallup poll) appears at all suggests religion gone soft. But the fact that this "proof" ranks only fifth may indicate that this softness is not as widespread as orthodox churchmen fear.



ALAN RICHMOND

THOMIST GILSON
Through Dr. Gallup to the stars.

France's great Thomist philosopher, Etienne Gilson, thinks the choice indicated in the Gallup poll is not bad. The proof derived from order, he noted last week, was the one recommended by St. Paul.⁹ Referring to Aristotle, Gilson said: "Belief in God has two sources—the human soul and the starry sky." But Gilson noted two significant omissions: 1) the argument by the testimony of moral conscience, which leads man to God through consideration of the presence of truth in the mind, and 2) the proof by *consensus universalis*, which holds that if there is no God it is very difficult to imagine why practically all peoples should spontaneously reach the conclusion that there is one.

Creeping Forward?

Roman Catholics have not moved forward so far or so fast as many Catholics and Protestants think, and they have damaged their cause by needlessly rubbing non-Catholics the wrong way. So said reports last week to the American Catholic Sociological Society convention at Chicago's Loyola University.

Loyola Sociologist Gordon C. Zahn cited, as an example of tension, Catholic groups which "singlehandedly force the cancellation of a 'B' or 'C' movie" and thereby give ammunition to those who think Catholicism has "adverse effects" on the U.S. Dr. John J. Kane, head of Notre Dame's sociology department, quoted some disturbing surveys. They show, he said, that U.S. Catholics tend to educate their children less well, are less suc-

⁹ For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.

Readings 1/20



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successful in business than their Protestant and Jewish neighbors, and concentrate in fields that sacrifice prestige for security. A 1947 study of 10,063 high-school seniors found that 68% of the Jewish, 36% of the Protestant, and only 25% of the Catholic seniors enter college. Dr. Kane also cited a survey showing that in cities with 100,000 population or more, one in every four or five Jewish and one in every five Protestant college graduates were earning \$7,500 or better, but only one in six Catholic graduates.

As for those Catholics who do achieve eminence, studies of the *American Catholic Who's Who* and *Who's Who in America* indicate that more than half of them do so in three fields: religion, law and education. "The dearth of Catholics eminent in many other occupations," says Kane, "is rather startling."

Why? Perhaps, he admits, some kind of discrimination on the part of the non-Catholic world is to blame. But he thinks a more cogent reason is a "lower-middle- or lower-class orientation" that holds Catholics down. "It may also be that leadership, even outside the purely religious field, is still considered a clerical prerogative..."

Dr. Kane's conclusions: "Catholics creep forward rather than stride forward in American society, and the position of American Catholics in the mid-20th century is better, but not so much better, than it was a century ago."

The Catholics Leave

British Protestants, Catholics and Jews hardly knew what to make of the uncomfortable news: the Vatican had ordered Britain's Roman Catholics to quit the Council of Christians and Jews.

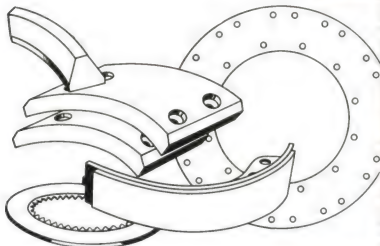
To many it seemed like quitting the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The council is pledged, like its counterparts in the U.S. and elsewhere, "to combat all forms of religious and racial intolerance, to promote mutual understanding and good will between Christians and Jews." Queen Elizabeth is the council's patron, and among its five joint presidents have been the Archbishop of Canterbury, Chief Rabbi Israel Brodie of the United Synagogue and Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster.

The Vatican order which reached Cardinal Griffin several weeks ago, blamed the council for leading Catholics toward the error of "indifferentism"—the idea that one religion is as valid as another. The Catholic membership dutifully resigned, but kept it secret while appealing to the Holy Office for a reversal of the decision. The news leaked when a London parish priest read the order at Mass. Amid the resulting hubbub in the press, the Protestant *Christian World* editorialized: "The charge [of indifferentism] is obviously untrue." Wrote the Catholic high-brow weekly *Tablet*: "The reasons [for the Vatican move] should have been stated... carefully and fully... Decisions without reasons are far removed from the spirit of government in this country, as in the United States..."

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A black and white photograph showing a man in a light-colored shirt and dark pants climbing a tall, slender tree. He is positioned high up, reaching towards a large, dense nest made of sticks and branches that is already perched on a high branch. The nest appears to be made of many thin, dry sticks or branches, creating a complex, tangled structure. In the background, two other people are visible, standing on a lower branch of the same tree, looking up at the man and the nest. The scene is set in a wooded area with many trees and foliage visible in the background. The overall atmosphere is one of a traditional or cultural activity, possibly related to bird nesting or a ritual.

BIG HUNT WITHOUT KILLS

Vanishing Breeds. When the first count was run on Christmas Day in 1900, birds were getting scarcer in the U.S. The great auk and Labrador duck were gone. The umbrageous flocks of passenger pigeons were reduced to a pathetic aviary remnant; the trumpeter swan seemed likely to be silenced forever. Then came bird-protection laws and treaties. Although these are still not fully enforced, nearly all the once-threatened birds have come back, some in greater numbers than ever before. Birders as bird watchers call themselves, have multiplied with their birds. Only a handful of the watchers are professional ornithologists. The majority are amateurs, who enjoy testing their skill in quick identification of the 700 species found in the U.S. and Canada.

Bug Bites Deep. Voluble as can be when arguing whether a bird is a Bohemian or a cedar waxwing, birders become strangely inarticulate when pressed to explain their sport. They have no simple motto like the Everest climbers' "Because it is there." They usually mumble something about liking birds since childhood, or about the thrill of hunt-

Big counts are by no means limited to wilderness areas. Between Manhattan's skyscrapers and around its waterfront, ten birders tallied 47 species, including the little gull, a straggler from Europe and a notable rarity. Their count of individuals was 117,700, among the nation's

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COMMON TERN

highest, thanks to masses of starlings that roost in the arches under Riverside Drive at 125th Street. From a smoggy, stenchful industrial area of New Jersey came a report of 175,000 red-winged blackbirds leaving a roost amid the cattail marshes. All in all, the 8,000 birders would report on 8,000,000 or more birds.

One of the most sought-after birds, especially on the Florida counts, was the cattle egret—the only species ever caught in the act of invading the U.S. without human aid. Native to Africa and Asia, it reached South America a generation ago, no man knows how. In 1952 it was found in Florida, where the burgeoning beef business insures the egret a good livelihood—it feeds on insects kicked up by grazing cattle. But the uncooperative immigrant stayed out of the watchers' winter circles, evaded all the early counts.

To the true birder, that is the kind of challenge that compensates for the long, cold hours, the waiting, the superior smile of more lethal sportsmen. There's nothing quite like the glow of inner pride when a devoted birder spots a rarity. One who glowed this season was Ben Coffey Jr. of Memphis, who saw seven pine siskins (common enough in the North, but rare in the mid-South and beyond) on his Mississippi count around a crossroads hamlet named Rara Avis.

Mud Bowl

The Rose Bowl stadium at Pasadena is in the Arroyo Seco, which means dry gulch. But last week the field was anything but that: it was a sea of mud. Rain fell throughout the game. TV Announcer Mel Allen, who seemed to have been briefed by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, spoke first of an "overcast," then of a "mist," and finally, quite frankly of rain ("How about that?").

The form-chaired had made Ohio State a two-touchdown favorite over Southern

California, and for once, after a season of upsets, the form boys were right. Southern Cal uncorked the biggest excitement of the day: an 86-yard runback of a punt by Halfback Aramis Dandoy for a touchdown (and the longest punt return in Rose Bowl history). But that was the Trojans' only score.

Ohio State, sparked by surehanded Quarterback Dave Leggett and All-American Halfback Howard ("Hopalong") Cassidy, unlimbered its crunching ground offensive, mixed in a few artful passes, got three touchdowns. The Buckeyes held on to the ball incredibly well in the gooey going, not fumbling once, whereas the Trojans fumbled often, losing three of their hobbles to Ohio State. Final score: Ohio State 20, Southern Cal 7.

Other bowl games:

Sugar Bowl at New Orleans. Navy, fifth-ranking college team in the U.S., blanked Mississippi 21-0, with Annapolis Fullback Joe Gattuso sparking both on offense and defense.

Cotton Bowl at Dallas. Georgia Tech's light but speedy Yellow Jackets, after failing to score in the first half, came from behind to beat Arkansas 14-6.

Orange Bowl at Miami. Duke's battering Halfbacks Bob Pascal and Nick McKeithan overwhelmed Nebraska 34 to 7.

Reconquered Cup

One thing about Tennis Tony Trabert and Vic Seixas—they always provide suspense. Nobody can ever be sure whether they will play great tennis or goof. Last week, in regaining the Davis Cup for the U.S. from Australia, they did both.

On the way to Sydney's White City Stadium Vic Seixas squirmed nervously in the taxi. Nevertheless, he was relieved that he was not due to play first (he had been beaten in the opening singles match last year). But eager-beaver Tony was bursting for action. The luck of the draw had spared Seixas, pitted Trabert against Australia's brilliant Lew Hoad in the singles opener. Trabert and Hoad divided the first two sets. In the next, Hoad had Tony sweating at set-point, but lost his chance on a cross-court shot that went out. Hard-hitting Tony raised his game a notch, won the set by 12-10, then easily romped off with the fourth and deciding set, 6-3.

Encouraged by Trabert's win, Seixas strode confidently forth to take on Australia's Ken Rosewall, who had beaten him eight times in the last two years. For weeks U.S. Captain Bill Talbert had been showing Seixas, not an overpowering hitter, how to win points off Rosewall's relatively weak forehand. Seixas learned that lesson well. His net play was as good as ever, and he won by 8-6, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3. Said Vic: "I felt I had to win. I have never lost nine times in a row to anybody."

Next day Seixas and Trabert, who are better as a doubles team than either is as a singles player, won the doubles, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2, 10-8, and clinched the cup. Then, with the remaining two singles matches a mere formality, Seixas and Trabert promptly went to pieces again. They



David Polts—LIFE

SEIXAS (SEATED) & TALBERT
Nervous in the taxi.

played onish tennis, and Australia saved face. Rex Hartwig beat Trabert in four sets and Rosewall beat Trabert in three.

Whether the reconquered Davis Cup will stay in U.S. possession is highly uncertain, for Seixas, 31, and Trabert, 24, are obviously their old unpredictable selves. The U.S. has had no really dependable exponent of the "big game" since the mighty Jack Kramer turned pro in 1947. On the other hand, the Aussies' Hoad and Rosewall have not yet reached their peak.

Probably last week's biggest loser was the Aussies' jut-jawed Captain Harry Hopman, who has been attacked for running his team like a combination top sergeant and boarding-school headmaster. Close to tears, Hopman looked toward next year: "When you have two 20-year-olds, there is always a chance."

Scoreboard

¶ Mal Whitfield, 30, the world's best half-miler, won the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy as the U.S. amateur athlete "who, by performance, example and good influence, did the most to advance the cause of good sportsmanship during the year." "Marvelous Mal," the first Negro winner of the Sullivan Trophy since it was established in 1930, actually had his best year in 1953, but his amateur standing was under scrutiny then (he has since been fully cleared).

¶ Wes Santee, who holds the U.S. record for the mile (4:00.6), tried to run a less-than-four-minute mile last week in a race at New Orleans. But the track was soggy, and so was Santee's time: 4:14.

¶ North Carolina State's basketball team got a goal in the last nine seconds, thus edged Minnesota, 85 to 84, to win its fifth Dixie Classic.



VICTORIOUS OHIO FOOTBALLERS
Nervous in the goo.

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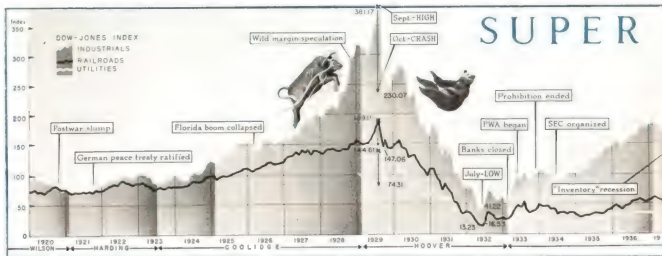
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BUSINESS IN 1954

IN the economic year of 1954 the world had a clear and easily understandable measure of the soaring strength of the U.S. That measure was the great bull market in stocks. Stock prices rose higher than in 1929, and on the last day of the year the Dow-Jones industrial average hit an alltime high of 404.39. But what gave the bull market historic significance was that it symbolized the strongest possible confidence in the capitalistic system, a confidence that had often seemed lacking, even among U.S. capitalists themselves, in previous years of the boom.

The remarkable fact about this surging confidence was that

market went up—and as it turned out, the market was right. For in 1954's "recession" the U.S. racked up its second-best business year in history, and the best peacetime year ever. The bull stood for something more than Americans' faith in their economy. As the U.S. entered a new era of competitive co-existence with the Communist world, the bull was a symbol that Americans were sure they could compete—and win.

The fact was that the 1954 bull was a different breed from any other that had gone before. From almost every angle he seemed made of muscle. He stood against the background of an entirely new economy made up of many industries that did not even exist in 1929, and with a gross national product more than three times as big. Corporate profits, helped by the death of the excess-profits tax, totaled \$17 billion in 1954, down 6% from 1953, but 100% above the 1929 level. On top of that, Americans in 1954 proved they knew how their giant economy worked and how it could be kept at work efficiently.

That knowledge and confidence sent stock prices soaring all through the year. Spectacular gains were scored throughout the list, e.g., General Motors went from 60 to 98;^o Jersey Standard from 72 to 111; RCA from 23 to 38; Du Pont from 107 to 167; Anaconda from 30 to 52. As a group, the biggest rise (an average of 165%) came in the order-laden aircraft stocks. Taking into account splits, Douglas started at 83, rose 177 points (it gained 34 points in the last two weeks alone); Boeing started at 49 and rose 99 points; Northrop started at 18, gained 57 points. But it was not merely a war market. Office-equipment stocks, buoyed up by the promise of a new thinking-machine age, jumped 78%; the busy airlines gained 95%; the oils rose 45%. In their scramble to buy, investors were not merely purchasing present

^o If Defense Secretary Charles Wilson had not been required to sell his G.M. stock when he took office two years ago, he would be \$1,000,000 richer.

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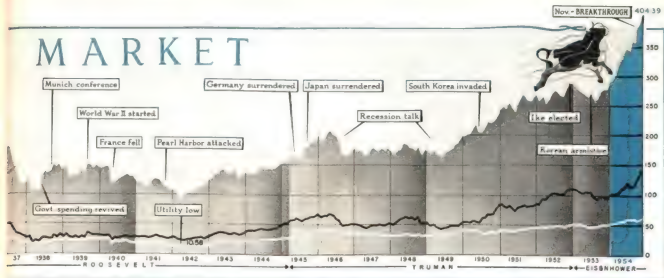
"I COULD HAVE BOUGHT GENERAL MOTORS IN 1949 FOR TWENTY-SIX DOLLARS A SHARE. I COULD HAVE BOUGHT BOEING FOR SIX DOLLARS A SHARE. I COULD HAVE BOUGHT ELECTRIC BOAT FOR THIRTEEN DOLLARS A SHARE. I COULD HAVE . . ."

it began to grow at a time when business was slipping. Such doomsayers as British Economist Colin Clark predicted that the U.S. was in for a major depression, and right up until the November election Democrats cried economic havoc. But few really believed them. As industrial production edged down, the

John Zimmerman



MARKET



profits; they were betting on the future. Example: though the steel industry limped through the year at less than 75% of capacity, investors in steel stocks pushed U.S. Steel up 34 points, to 74, and more than doubled the price of Bethlehem, to 109.

New Routes. As prices scooted higher, the public started coming into the market. In other days this would have been a sure sign for Wall Street's professionals to get out. But this was a new kind of public with new ways of getting in. It was also part of a new trend away from the philosophy of security at any price; having seen what the American economy could do—and how it had confounded the doomsayers—Americans were deciding that it was high time to invest in America's future.

Mutual funds provided a route for small investors to put some \$375 million into the market, and Wall Street did a good job of paving other investment roads. The New York Stock Exchange borrowed a page from the retailers' book: it started an installment-buying program that persuaded 26,000 new

investors to put \$63 million into buying stocks. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the largest U.S. brokerage house, fitted out three trailers as traveling branch offices, sent them touring the New York, Boston and Chicago areas, signed up hundreds of new accounts.

In 1929 brokers' board rooms were crowded with tape-watchers and tipsters who bought stocks without even knowing what a company manufactured. In 1954 the only time board rooms were crowded was at night—for classes in which new investors learned how to buy stocks and how to evaluate a company. "When we started talking stock to a lot of our new customers out west Texas way," said a Dallas broker, "it took a while to make it clear that we didn't mean the four-legged kind."

Dozens of corporations helped educate the public about free enterprise by starting stock-purchase plans under which employees could use part of their wages to buy shares in the companies for which they worked. And the lessons took. Said Chief Petty Officer Edward J. Michaels, a new investor in

1955 BUICKS, BOUND FOR MIDWEST CITIES, ARE HAULED AWAY FROM GENERAL MOTORS DELIVERY LOT AT FLINT





HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR CASES RIDE CONVEYOR LINE

Dallas: "I watched American business growing and growing, and I got a feeling I wanted to grow with it."

One of the phenomena of 1954 was the huge growth of investment clubs, whose members put in \$10 or \$20 a month for group investment. In Denver a group of 27 men and women—ranging from housewives to the owner of a tungsten mine—bought solid stocks including such blue chips as Union Carbide (up 12 points, to 86) and Consolidated Edison (up 5 points, to 46). In eleven months they made \$1,500, or 12% on their investment.

While most of the new investors were buying blue chips for the long pull, there were a number who dreamed of quick killings. The most speculative flyers were taken in the uranium stocks. In Salt Lake City, where new uranium companies were springing up at the rate of one every three days, snack bars featured "uraniumburgers" instead of hamburgers. As it turned out, there was as much uranium in the meat as in the claims on which many of the uranium stocks had been floated. Many of the penny uranium stocks went into a slump. But few speculators were discouraged. Everyone still hoped to make a killing on the uranium-rich Colorado Plateau, where 650 new mines were opened during the year.

Theories for All. As the market reached an alltime high, there were inevitable uneasy looks back to 1929. Were 1954's stock prices as vulnerable as they were then? Where would they go from here? In their endless search for new ways to predict what the market will do, Wall Streeters have developed theories to suit every whim. They range from the conservative old Dow Theory—so conservative that anyone who followed it since war's end would have missed most major market turns by months—to attempts at guessing the market by studying the thickness of the moss on trees, the number of lemmings, postal receipts in Milwaukee and the activity of sunspots. But in 1954 the theories ran into trouble. Some of the reasons were listed by 83-year-old Irwin Vick Shannon, once a dean of the sunspotters: "Cheap money, huge governmental spending

and enormous building activity have largely offset the usual [bearish] effects of low sunspot activity."

Nobody thought that stock prices would go up forever. In fact, Wall Streeters were looking for a good-sized "technical" reaction—simply because the market had gone up so fast with hardly a breather. But no one thought that it had reached its peak. Just as Americans had become accustomed to an ever-growing economy, there was no reason why stock prices, which lagged for so many years, should not finally get in step with the growth of the economy.

On the average, stocks were still priced at only 13 times earnings *v.* 21 times earnings in 1929. At 4.35%, stock yields were still better than those of high-grade bonds (2.86%), whereas in 1929 the comparison favored bonds. Dozens of stocks, *e.g.*, American Distilling and J. I. Case, could be bought for less than 50% of their actual assets per share; scores, including such solid citizens as American Machine and Foundry and Merck, were far below their postwar highs. Though speculation was rising, it was hardly out of hand. Credit in the market, where 50% had to be put up in cash for stock purchases, totaled only \$1.7 billion *v.* \$8.5 billion in 1929, when as little as 5% had to be paid down in cash. High taxes were another bolster under the market. They discouraged investors from taking their big paper profits (an estimated 50% of all G.M. stock was bought at around 40%).

Aside from the surging public confidence, the greatest force for stock-market stability was the confidence of the big professional investors—the huge pension funds, insurance companies and mutual funds. Out of the \$148 billion worth of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange, an estimated 46% had already been tucked away by the funds and insurance companies, and more were being sopped up every day. Pension funds were growing at the rate of \$2 billion a year, and about \$400 million of that was being invested in common stocks. Mutual funds were growing almost as fast. While the institutions helped push prices up by removing big blocks of stock from the market, they also served as stabilizers in minor market declines. Most of them buy on a "dollar averaging" plan, *i.e.*, at regular intervals, they invest the same amount of cash in a stock. Thus, when the market goes down, the funds are able to buy more shares with the same amount of cash.

Some Wall Streeters worried about what would happen if the funds should start unloading. But they could not do that without breaking the market for their own holdings, nor were they in any mood to do so. They bought for the long term, well aware that an investor who had bought stocks even at the 1929 peak—and held on through depression and wars—would by now have had a 37% profit in General Electric, an 87% profit in Sears, Roebuck, an 800% profit in Dow Chemical. As one Wall Streeter said, "The big boys aren't looking at the Dow-Jones. They're looking at the industry."

Hard Selling. What the big boys saw in industry in 1954 was a record of solid accomplishment. There were some scattered cases of acute unemployment, but at worst, the total number of jobless never topped 3,700,000 *v.* more than 4,000,000 in the mild recession of 1949, when the work force was smaller. Though total output of goods and services was down by 2½% to \$356 billion, it was still a full 38% above the 1949 level. The Federal Reserve Board's index of production dropped a maximum of 10%, but at year's end it was heading up again, and was already above the corresponding level of 1953. Despite the slight dip, industry spent \$26.7 billion on expansion, only 6% less than in 1953. And Americans were able to make more money after taxes (\$253 billion) and spend more (\$233 billion) than ever before. Among their purchases: 5,300,000 cars, 3,400,000 refrigerators, 6,400,000 radios. While overall appliance sales were down slightly (to \$6.9 billion), 1954 was a near-record year for TV sets (7,000,000) and washing machines (3,650,000), and a record year for air conditioners (1,230,000). Their sales were all bolstered by the second-best housing year on record (1,200,000 houses *v.* 1,100,000 in 1953 and 1,400,000 in record 1950).

But selling was hard, for in 1954 consumers gave businessmen

a taste of what competitive coexistence can mean at home. Department stores, once a major market place for appliances, saw some 35% of that business go to discount houses as bargain hunters stalked the land. Competition was so stiff in the auto industry that sales increases were racked up only by G.M. and Ford. Chrysler's cut of the market slumped from 20% to 13%, and mergers cut the number of auto companies from eight to six. But by year's end, Chrysler was scoring a comeback with its new models and all auto companies were producing in high gear. And Ford, in a frantic attempt to knock Chevie out of first place in the industry, turned out a new car every four seconds.

Throughout industry competition brought more mergers (some 800) than in any other year since 1929. Battling to keep old markets, manufacturers cut costs and stretched production facilities. Scrambling for new markets, they turned out mountains of new products, ranging from Boeing's 707, America's first jet transport, to a jet-age, one-minute oatmeal for those who could no longer be bothered with the old-fashioned, two-minute kind.

In 1954 management found that it either had to produce the goods—or be thrown out. The proxy fight of the year gave scrappy Bob Young control of the New York Central. Within seven months he also had a fat paper profit of about \$4,000,000 on his personal and company stock holdings, after a 10-point rise in Central stock when prospects for the road brightened.

Caution & Hope. As the year began, every businessman knew that the dip in business towards the end of 1953 had raised a great question for 1954: How well could the Administration, with its growing set of economic tools, help industry to combat the drop? The test came at a crucial time for an Administration determined to balance the budget and get government out of business. With the Korean war ended, huge cuts in defense spending were due. Farm income had been falling for two years, and the Administration intended to dump the rigid-support prices that had lessened the slide but had also created history's most gigantic pile of food surpluses. On top of that, after years of peak production, many an economist was sure that the U.S. would have to slow down its output of autos, houses, appliances and other consumer goods. In their caution businessmen were cutting inventories at the rate of \$4 billion a year, and consumers were watching their pennies.

But as the year progressed, the Government skillfully used its economic tools, one by one, to turn the tide. Defense spending, as expected, dropped by \$8 billion, to a rate of \$44 billion a year. But the Administration countered the drop with tax cuts that amounted to \$7.4 billion. Said Treasury Secretary George Humphrey: "Some people have called this a recession.



HUMBLE'S TANKS STORE GASES AT BAYTOWN, TEXAS

It is really a transition during which the billions of dollars worth of spending by the Government is transferred to spending by millions of private individuals." As income from salaries and wages dropped by \$2 billion, the take-home pay remained almost the same because of outright tax cuts and a drop in personal income-tax payments as the progressive tax structure worked in reverse. Similarly, while corporate earnings before taxes dropped at an annual rate of \$5 billion, declining income-tax payments and the death of the excess-profits tax cut corporate taxes by almost the same amount.

New Tools at Work. As the jobless totals rose, other fiscal tools were brought into action. Not only did \$2 billion in unemployment-insurance payments help fill the gap in wages, but there was a step-up of \$700 million in Social Security payments. The Federal Reserve Board eased credit by cutting bank-reserve requirements and the discount rate at which banks borrow from the Federal Reserve. The Administration also wisely abandoned, at least temporarily, its determination to balance the budget, prepared to accept a \$4.7 billion deficit in the current fiscal year. With its new housing law, which cut down-payment requirements and liberalized Government mortgage insurance, the Government gave a fillip to the housing industry.

Such policies helped check the slide and start business up again. The biggest boom was in the building industry. Total construction hit a new high of \$37 billion, up 6% from 1953.



ZENITH TV TUBES ARE ADDED TO CHASSIS ASSEMBLIES



WHIRLPOOL WASHER CABINETS DRY AFTER PAINTING



MARTIN B-61 MATADORS ARE READY FOR AIR FORCE

without counting the great do-it-yourself boom, which had grown from a hobby into a \$6 billion industry.

When the U.S. sneezes, according to an old economic adage, the world catches pneumonia. But that was in the days when the U.S. economy was operating on such a narrow margin that even a slight downward dip would dry up imports and thus help depress business everywhere. In 1937-38, for example, industrial production dropped 21% and imports dropped 36%. But in 1954—to the delight of the free world and the consternation of Communists everywhere—the U.S. in a recession still proved to be so strong that its case of sniffles hardly affected world trade. Imports, at \$10.1 billion, fell no more than industrial production. Furthermore, foreign nations, many of them rebuilt with the help of U.S. dollars and machines, were strong enough to keep buying from the U.S. at the rate of \$14 billion a year, thus helped the U.S. get over its sniffles.

As the November elections firmly established the voter's middle-of-the-road approach—and the fact that both parties had staked their futures on an expanding economy—more confidence spilled into the stock market, sent prices up 14% in eight weeks. By year's end, consumers who had once held back in fear of recession were purchasing goods as eagerly as investors were buying stocks. Christmas shopping hit a new peak, and retail sales for the year surged to some \$14 billion, the same as in record-breaking 1953.

Growth in 3-D. All through the U.S. the new confidence was reflected by the changing industrial landscape. In the east, many new plants sprang up in the Delaware Valley region. There, U.S. Steel's Fairless Works passed a notable milestone: the first ore from the company's Cerro Bolivar deposit in

Venezuela began to flow to the plant. The Williston Basin had its first large oil refinery at Mandan, N. Dak.; General Petroleum built the Northwest's first major refinery at Ferndale, Wash. In eastern Washington's tri-city area (Pasco, Kennewick, Richland), where an inland seaport had been created by McNary Dam, summer tourists water-skied on a 65-mile lake where sagebrush once grew.

Texans cocked their ten-gallon hats as the Lone Star State passed another milestone in its rapid industrialization. Phase One brought refineries to process raw materials from the state's underground wealth; Phase Two, bringing plants to convert the raw materials into semi-finished products, was heralded in 1954 by the opening of Texas Eastman's new polyethylene plant at Longview. Texans knew that Phase Three was close at hand: new factories to turn out finished plastic products ranging from squeeze bottles to floor coverings. Said President D. A. Hulcy of Lone Star Gas Co.: "I just can't see any reason to be pessimistic about the outlook for 1955 and the years ahead."

While the uranium boom was measured in pennies on Wall Street and in Salt Lake City, it was measured on the Colorado Plateau by new mines and new refineries to process the radioactive ore. Denver, capital of the new oil and uranium empire stretching from New Mexico and Arizona to Montana and the Dakotas, was throwing up new skyscrapers and expanding so fast that there was concern lest it outgrow its water supply. Fast-growing California made big strides in one of the newest industries (Los Angeles became one of the nation's biggest electronics centers) and in one of the oldest: it was the No. 3 cotton-producing state. But Dixie was still gaining as a manufacturer. Examples: Oregon's Jantzen Knitting Mills started making its bathing suits in far-off South Carolina, where the costs were lower. At Calhoun, Tenn. Britain's largest postwar investment in the U.S. took shape in Bowater's new \$60 million newsprint mill. At a country crossroads, in the piney woods of southeast Georgia, a new \$25 million Rayonier mill started turning out raw materials for rayon, Cellophane and photographic film. In Florida booming frozen-juice plants were joined by new processors of southern seafood and vegetables. And huge drilling barges, their steel legs in the air like overturned spider crabs, floated grotesquely in the Gulf of Mexico as oilmen probed for offshore riches.

Strength v. Weakness. In the past, Dixie's gain has been New England's loss. But in 1954 the National Planning Association studied the Northeast's prospects and delivered an optimistic judgment: "Demonstrated strength offset demonstrated weaknesses." In Massachusetts textile orders were up 20% from 1953, leather and shoe orders up 21%, chemical orders up a thumping 118%. Typical of the area's change was the new life of 32-year-old Neil Dooley of Danvers, Mass., who quit his foreman's job at Pequot Mills shortly before the Pequot

George Strock

CATWALKS CROSS OVER COKE AND COAL CHEMICAL AREAS OF U.S. STEEL'S NEW 3939-ACRE FAIRLESS PLANT IN DELAWARE RIVER VALLEY.



AUTOMATION IN THE AUTO INDUSTRY: CYLINDER BLOCK LINE IS ONE OF FIVE PARTS OF DESOTO ENGINE LINE RETOOLED TO SPEED PRODUCTION WITHOUT INCREASING MANPOWER



production was moved south, switched to a position with CBS-Hytron's electronics plant. At year's end Dooley was making 25% more money there than he made after three years in his old textile job.

The Midwest stood on the threshold of an industrial renaissance: Cleveland, a new chemical capital, was fast becoming a major auto-producing center with new semi-automatic Ford and Chevrolet factories. Along with Chicago, Detroit and other Great Lakes cities, Cleveland in 1954 could look forward to a new commercial life with the passage of the St. Lawrence Seaway Act. In a few years the new waterway would make them world-trading seaports.

The New Revolution. Behind the smooth and modern façades of the nation's new factories, whole new industries were being born. The electronics industry, which had opened up new ways for waging war with guided missiles, was also pushing the U.S. into a new peacetime age—and a new Industrial Revolution. It was being brought about by "automation." The science was too new for the word to be defined in any standard dictionary, but it was already in general use. In the dawning age of au-

tomation, machines were not only being substituted for human muscles; they were also being substituted for the human brain.

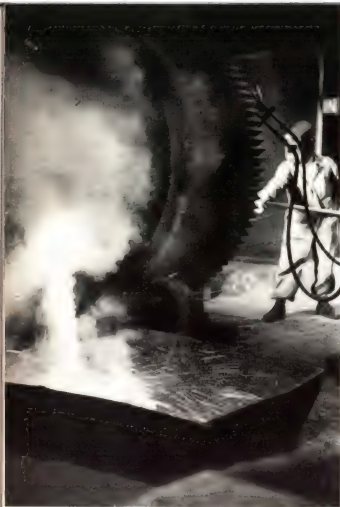
Out from the factories of many companies poured the machines that would run the factories of the future—machines that could control scores of manufacturing operations, correct their own mistakes, handle office chores that formerly required scores of clerks. They could also solve incredibly complicated technical problems once beyond the scope of even the biggest staffs of engineers. Among 1954's automated strides:

❑ G.E., U.S. Steel and Metropolitan Life all started using Remington Rand's \$1,000,000 Univac for totting up payrolls, writing checks and figuring costs (estimated first-year savings to G.E.: \$500,000). International Business Machines (whose stock rose more than 100 points during the year, to 363) was coming out with a similar machine.

❑ Rock Island Refining Corp. opened an automated refinery at Indianapolis in which machines made the necessary adjustments in temperature, pressure, etc. to keep the plant running properly.

❑ Detroit's Cross Co. made a machine for General Motors that





MOLTEN URANIUM, AT CLIMAX, POURS FROM FURNACE

performs 540 operations, turns out 100 engine blocks an hour with the help of but one man.

The march of the robots seemed so swift that C.I.O. President Walter Reuther warned direly of the "depression and chaos" that automation might cause if not instituted under a broad plan. But in the long run automation was bound to boost the standard of living by increasing productivity and creating new jobs in the building and maintaining of the new machines. Said another C.I.O. boss, the late Philip Murray, in 1951: "I do not know of a single, solitary instance where a great technological gain has taken place in the U.S. that it has actually thrown people out of work."

The Age of the Atom. The age of atomic power changed from dream to the threshold of reality in 1954. The new Atomic Energy Act brought the atom out from behind the closed doors of Government monopoly and gave industry the right—and incentive—to build, own and operate atomic-power plants. Some 1,000 companies were already using radioactive isotopes to check on processes and materials; scores of utility companies were forming combines to step into the atomic age. New York's Consolidated Edison started to work on plans for a reactor, announced that within five to ten years the city might have atomic power. American Locomotive Co. won a \$2,006,753 AEC contract to build an atomic generator that can be broken down and flown anywhere in the world. Said General Electric's President Ralph Cordiner: "By 1976, half of all new electric-power installations will be atomic."

The changes came almost too fast to be counted. Westinghouse and Duquesne Light started work for the Government on

the nation's first full-scale (60,000 kw.) atomic-power plant at Shippingport, Pa., though AEC knew the plant would be obsolete by the time it was finished, in 1957. And on Wall Street, the uranium bulls were already hedging their bets with such stocks as Foote Minerals (up 170%) and Lithium Corp. (up 400%) on the chance that lithium, not uranium, might prove to be the basic atomic fuel of the future.

Clear & Turning Cloudy. As 1954 ended, the atmosphere was vastly different from what it was as the year began. Almost every economic indicator pointed upward, and business was better than it had been all year. What was the outlook for 1955? For the first six months, better than ever. Beyond that, the economic weather was not so clear. But there was hope that if the first-half upsurge continued, 1955 would be the best and biggest business year on record, with a gross national product of perhaps \$370 billion, up 4% from 1954. Some of the goals:

- 5,800,000 cars v. 5,500,000 in 1954.
- 1,300,000 houses v. 1,200,000.
- 100 million tons of steel v. 87 million.

But 1955's horizon was not cloudless. Industry planned to spend about 5% less (\$20.7 billion) on new plants and equipment than in 1954, largely because of a 40% spending cut by automakers from the record \$1.3 billion new-model outlay in 1954. Some industries, e.g., textiles and coal, were still in trouble. The farm problem was still tremendous. Though Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson won a notable victory in his fight for flexible supports—and farmers, like investors, seemed willing once again to take a chance—the surplus commodities held by the Government totaled \$6.6 billion at year's end v. \$4.7 billion in 1953. Union labor, which was as cautious as businessmen during 1954's dip (strikes were at the lowest level since the war), was sure to come to the bargaining table with big, new demands. The key issue: the guaranteed annual wage. The promised cuts in excise and corporate taxes would probably be postponed. The bookkeeping budget in fiscal 1956 would have a deficit of some \$3 billion (though the cash budget, including Social Security receipts, might be balanced). In any case, the towering national debt would not be cut.

But for any weak spots in 1955 there would be a host of counterbalancing strengths in the economy, as there had been in 1954. The economy had grown so fast that the debt, like defense spending, was not the burden it once was. In 1945, for instance, the debt equaled 120% of the gross national product; now it was only 76% of the G.N.P. And the economy was still growing not only in productive capacity but in the number of consumers to use the products. In 1954, for the first time, the birth rate topped 4,000,000, while the death rate was the lowest on record. With that kind of growth, public works were no longer talked of as pump primers but as necessities for a population of 190 million and an economy of \$500 billion by 1965.

The new confidence was born of achievement and backed by planning. The Eisenhower Administration, while still firm in the idea that private industry should carry the major load in supplying the nation's new power needs—a policy that hit the front pages in 1954's Dixon-Yates dispute—was scheduling more public-power starts for 1955. It was also bringing order out of the helter-skelter highway program, was planning a \$100 billion spending program for the next ten years. Businessmen, under the new tax law, could also plan for the automated future. Under a new law they had the incentive of fast tax write-offs to rebuild or modernize their plants. They would have to step fast, said RCA's Chairman David Sarnoff. "Almost everything used in our business today will be obsolete a decade hence. This is nothing to worry about, for our industry has lived on obsolescence."

From Wall Street to the West, such self-generating growth built confidence—and the confidence hastened the growth. Like businessmen, consumers were planning to conquer obsolescence, and the probability of lower prices in 1955 would help them. Sears, Roebuck's 1955 spring catalogue, out last week, listed price cuts averaging 3½%. Customers no longer bought their

houses for a lifetime; in developments such as Levittown, N.Y. and Woodhurst in Fort Wayne, Ind., they bought them like cars—fully equipped with all appliances—and traded them in for a new and better model every few years as their families grew. Budgets were no longer planned on how much an item cost, but on how easily it could be paid for on the installment plan. Thus, builders who had once thought the housing boom could not last were talking about a million or more new houses a year for the next five years. In the new age of automation, there was already talk of a four-day work week, which would mean a huge new boom for sports, tourism, entertainment, and every other leisure-time industry.

Capitalizing on Capitalism. No one thought that the U.S. could realize the exciting future all by itself. "One of the main factors that kept our recession last winter from getting worse," said Ambassador to the Court of St. James's Winthrop W. Aldrich, "was the maintenance of a high demand for our goods abroad." In 1954 the U.S. proved its inherent strength to the world, and by doing so may have caused the men in the Kremlin to moderate their aggressive ambitions. In 1955 the job would be to prove that what has worked for the U.S. can work just as well abroad.

U.S. businessmen like Clarence B. Randall and Henry Ford have already taken the lead in pleading for lower tariffs, and others have shown the way by setting up plants abroad. With U.S. capital factories were turning out hydraulic presses in The Netherlands, antibiotics in the Philippines, refrigerators in São Paulo. Builder Harry Morrison, constructing dams and roads all over the world, was one of the nation's new industrial ambassa-

dors. So was G.M.'s Harlow Curtice, who announced a \$180 million expansion plan for his European plants.

In its effort to get government out of business, the Republican Administration has made notable strides at home. But overseas, the job of switching foreign aid from government to private management is just beginning. Paradoxically, the great U.S. boom has tended to hold down private ventures abroad, since the opportunities at home have been so rich. A businessman's program providing incentive for more private capital and know-how to flow overseas would help the free world compete with Communism by capitalizing on capitalism itself. If the U.S. and foreign nations worked together to make investment abroad inviting, there was little doubt that free enterprising Americans would do the rest. The Export-Import Bank has already announced plans to expand its loans to companies doing business abroad, and the U.N. will set up a new International Finance Corp. to make venture-capital loans for foreign investment.

But more is needed, including 1) removal of the present double taxation on profits earned and taxed abroad, and 2) tax relief in the U.S. for companies that have been given tax waivers by foreign nations as an inducement to invest abroad. For their part, the foreign nations that need and want U.S. investment must encourage it. Having seen what a free economy did for the U.S. in 1954, they can move more surely toward economic freedom by lessening their own restrictions on trade and currency. Said Free Trader Clarence Randall: "The whole world is throbbing with new life and vitality. It is America's destiny to lead this new world for the betterment of all mankind. We must and will measure up."

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Allen Gould



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MILESTONES

Married. René ("Zizi") Jeanmaire, 30, tiny, cat-quick ballerina and musical-comedy star (*The Girl in Pink Tights*); and Roland Petit, 30, founder and director of France's famed Ballets de Paris, in which Jeanmaire first starred; in Saint-Cyr-la-Rivière, France.

Divorced. Gregory Peck, 39, lanky-Lincolnesque cinemactor (*Roman Holiday*, *Man with a Million*); by Finnish-born Greta Konen Peck, 42, onetime hairdresser to Actress Katharine Cornell; after twelve years of marriage, three children; in Hollywood.

Died. José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón, 46, President of Panama since 1952, prior to that his country's president-making police chief; at the hands of machine-gunning assassins, at Juan Franco race track outside Panama City.

Died. Sir Robert Beaufin Irving, 77, trained-in-sail ex-commander of the Cunard White Star line, captain of the *Queen Mary* in 1938 when she broke the east-bound and westbound transatlantic speed records established by the French liner *Normandie* a year earlier; in Carlisle, England.

Died. Dr. William M. Burton, 89, onetime (1918-27) president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, inventor (in 1913) of the Burton cracking process, which doubled the potential yield of gasoline available from crude oil and made mass motoring possible; of a heart ailment; in Miami.

Died. Eugen von Habsburg, 91, Archduke of Austria, distant cousin of the late Emperor Franz Josef, commander in chief of Austrian forces on the Italian front in World War I, grand master of the Order of German Knights; of pneumonia; in Merano, Italy. In 1918 Archduke Eugen was exiled from the Austrian republic for failure to renounce his claims to the throne, was invited back by Chancellor Dollfus in 1934 as a concession to Vienna's imperial sentimentalism.

Died. Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey, 96, top U.S. horticulturist, founder of the nation's first college department of horticulture (at Michigan Agricultural College in 1884), onetime (1903-13) dean of Cornell's College of Agriculture and until 1951 director of the university's world-famed Bailey Hortorium, for which he collected more than 250,000 plants; in Ithaca, N.Y. In his endless search for plants, Dr. Bailey traveled more than 250,000 miles in tropical and semitropical lands (including a trip to West Indian jungles when he was 91), described his findings in more than 65 books. He saw the knowledge of plants as one of the great hopes of mankind and an expression of true internationalism. "My pinks," he once said, "speak all languages alike."



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The Winners

This time of year, critics, exhibitors, trade papers and assorted know-it-alls select their cinema bests—and after checking over the 1954 crop, the choices were pretty automatic all the way. At the top of the heap: Marlon Brando and Grace Kelly.

For the best acting job of his career, as a true-to-life patsy in *On the Waterfront*, Brando got the nod from the New York Film Critics. *Film Daily* and the Hollywood stars themselves, who were polled by the United Press. Newcomer Grace Kelly, who smoothly dressed up *Rear Window*, *Dial M for Murder* and *Green Fire* (see below) with what Director Alfred Hitchcock has called her "sexual elegance," but who performed most stunningly in her biggest acting part as the embittered wife in *The Country Girl*, won hands up with the New York Film Critics, and the National Board of Review.

As usual, the choices generally did not agree with the top box-office grossers for the year. The five big money pictures so far (in the U.S. and Canada only), reported by *Variety*: 1) Paramount's *White Christmas*, which, though it has been playing less than three months, has already grossed \$12 million; Columbia's *The Caine Mutiny*, \$8,700,000; Universal's *The Glenn Miller Story*, \$7,000,000; Fox's *The Egyptian*, \$6,000,000; Paramount's *Rear Window*, \$5,100,000.

Motion Picture Herald, which polls the men who should know—the exhibitors—found John Wayne the No. 1 box-office draw, although Wayne made only two films eligible in 1954: *Hondo* and *The High and the Mighty*. Runners-up: Martin and Lewis, Gary Cooper, James Stewart, Marilyn Monroe, Alan Ladd, William Holden (first time to figure in the first ten). Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman (first time), Marlon Brando (first time).

The New Pictures

Green Fire (M-G-M) spreads caviar on hardback—which hardly improves the hardback, and pretty well spoils the caviar, Grace Kelly is the delicacy in question, and what she is wasted on here is an ordinary Grade B jungle bungle. In *Green Fire*, as in *Mogambo*, the only other picture she has made at Metro, Grace is caviar to the crocodiles. A coffee heiress, she lives on a South American mocha finca. The nearest eligible male is weeks away. Hold on though, here comes Stewart Granger up the river, looking almost as hungry as she does. He is not hungry for love, however, but for money. That mountain over there, he tells Grace, is full of it. Emeralds! He digs and digs; she sighs and sighs. Nobody (including the moviegoer) gets anywhere, in fact, until ten minutes before the end of the picture. Then all at once 1) a flood hits the plantation. 2) the bandits attack the mine. 3) a box of dynamite blows them all to guacamole. 4) an avalanche deflects the



GRACE KELLY

A dressing of sexual elegance.

course of the river. 5) a tropical storm breaks, and 6) a rainbow shines through it, arching over 7) the Final Clinch.

Vera Cruz (Hecht-Lancaster; United Artists), billed as "The Battle of the Giants," is apparently an attempt to decide the heavyweight championship of Hollywood. In one corner stands Burt Lancaster, congenial desperado, and in the other Gary Cooper, Southern gentleman dispossessed by the Civil War. The rough stuff gets under way somewhere south of the border, around 1866. Bullets squeal, gun butts crunch, death screams gurgle, bombs go ham! And when a man is all tuckered out, some señorita is like as not to come slinking up with a rose in her teeth and a piesticker in her *rebozo*. Actor Lancaster (a co-producer of the movie) is the virtuoso in this symphony of slam. He slugs his women and plugs his men with a heartless smile. Actor Cooper, as usual, looks as if he hates to shoot anybody, but it's amazing how often he has to ("He likes people," as Lancaster sums up, "and you can never count on a man like that"). The heroes shoot it out in the last scene, needless to say, and one of them walks away through so many corpses that it suddenly becomes clear why the producers had to develop an abnormally large screen (called SuperScope) for this picture.

The Silver Chalice (Warner) is made from Thomas B. Costain's bestselling novel about a small group of dedicated Christians who sought to create a symbol out of the cup used at the Last Supper. Like so

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many other movies about the birth of Christianity, this film has a hard struggle trying to dramatize religion. Faith is depicted as a kind of chance commodity; some have it, some haven't—and the have-nots can get it merely by leaping through the scenario to the proper page.

Racing through the script are Jack Palance as Simon, a power-mad, eye-rolling (but strictly second-rate) magician who tries to discredit the growing body of Christians with rabble-rousing and tricks; Paul Newman as Basil, a pagan silversmith who designs a frame for the cup; Virginia Mayo, the sorcerer's apprentice, who divides her time between dressing up the boss's act and running up Basil's metabolism; and Pier Anelli, a wistful, loving Christian who finally wins Basil for herself.

Against a series of lavishly simple CinemaScope backgrounds, composed mostly of semiabstract arches, columns and walls and WarnerColored in pale hues, Director Victor Saville has set mob scenes, desert fights, courtroom trials and voluptuous goings-on in Nero's palace. For if Hollywood struggles unsuccessfully with a religious theme, it usually knows how to make hedonism come to life.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena; with Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly) and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate choral on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gate of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

Phffff! Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday, as man and ex-wife, give a wacky answer to the divorce question (TIME, Nov. 15).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe, and Pearl Bailey hoarsening around in the wide-screen wings (TIME, Nov. 13).

A Star Is Born. Judy Garland makes a stunning comeback in a Technicolor musical version of 1937's Academy Award winner; with James Mason, Jack Carson (TIME, Oct. 25).

Sabrina. The boss's sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are at it again, but thanks to Director Billy Wilder, not all the bloom is off this faded comic rose (TIME, Sept. 13).

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando (TIME, Aug. 9).



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BOOKS

How Writers Live

Nelson Algren, 45, wrote a successful novel five years ago called *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and now lives in a bungalow outside Chicago. While working on another book, Algren is living on a publisher's advance doled out to him at the rate of \$100 a week. "Of the \$400 a month," he explains, "my agent gets 40 bucks. I give my mother a hundred. So on \$260 a month, I keep a house, a wife, a cat and a car. Don't underrate the cat. It's my wife's, so it's got to have the best liver—about \$25 worth a month."

If the advance is not enough, there is the \$3-limit poker session that Algren

authors are despised these days; few are very rich. They reflect the 20th century's leveling forces: economically—as well as literarily—most of them inhabit a great, grey middle stratum.

The Exceptions. A few writers—by no means the best—still manage to live in a style to which most would like to be accustomed, e.g., James Jones (*From Here to Eternity*) races around Marshall, Ill. in his convertible, and Frank Yerby (*The Foxes of Harrow*) commutes between the Riviera and Long Island. Such fiction-factory owners as Erle Stanley Gardner live as well as factory owners.

But these are the exceptions. "Lousy," is James T. Farrell's word for the average

lashed today as in the early 1900s, but of the 1,300 published through November of this year, fewer than half will make a profit, i.e., sell 5,000 copies or more in bookstores. This year's fiction bestseller, Morton Thompson's *Not As a Stranger*, has sold slightly more than 175,000 copies (in comparison, Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* sold 450,000 copies in 1944; Harold Bell Wright's *The Eyes of the World* sold an advertised 750,000 copies in two months in 1914). This year, probably no more than 25 novels sold 50,000 copies, which means that about 25 fiction writers earned (at 50¢ a book) as much as \$25,000 in hard-cover income for two or three years' work. With spiraling publishing costs, the author has to accept lower royalties. The 20% royalty paid to many American writers a few decades ago is now an anachronism. The current average: around 12%.

What keeps authors in business is the income from book clubs, paperback reprints, magazines and newspapers (for serialization). Hollywood, radio, TV and Broadway. These revenues now account for more than half of most writers' incomes. But some of the biggest book clubs have lost members. Although the Book-of-the-Month Club actually claims a membership increase, its guaranteed payment to publishers—of which authors get about one-half—is now down to \$40,000; it was once reported as high as \$100,000.

The Part-Time Author. While there may be fewer downright poor writers today, their consciousness of poverty has increased and their tastes have grown more expensive. Nonconformists eager to struggle along in attics are not much in evidence. Most writers like to live like people, and if they must be in attics, they want them air-conditioned. Half of all American writers make New York City their headquarters, and of those tend to settle in the outer metropolitan fringe between the gentlemen's estates and small farms. Example: having sold his first novel, *The Blackboard Jungle*, to the *Ladies' Home Journal* (for \$35,000), 27-year-old Evan Hunter is moving from a Hicksville, L.I. ranch house to eastern Westchester County.

There have always been part-time writers, including some great ones (e.g., Melville, who served at sea, was a U.S. customs inspector on the New York docks). But the part-time writer has become far more common than before. Says Novelist Merle Miller, president of the Authors' Guild: "In the 19th century, the novelist turned out a book a year. He could make a living at it. Now a novelist writes a book every three years because he is doing things in between." Many writers teach, e.g., Lionel Trilling, Wallace Stegner, Katherine Anne Porter, Margaret Cousins, Karl Shapiro and John Crowe Ransom edit magazines. Some write for the movies, where it is easy to forget the novel-writing urge. By one estimate, just two Americans made a living by poetry in the early 1950s—Robert Frost and Ogden Nash. But Frost has also taught and lectured. And Nash says: "You can



NOVELIST ALGREN (LEFT) IN POKER GAME
Liver for the cat and heart for the struggle.

convenes twice a week in the basement of a North Michigan Avenue mansion. Algren figures that he has made \$1,000 at poker this year—enough, in a pinch, to keep the novel going and the cat fat.

As U.S. writers go these days, Author Algren is fairly well-fixed. The U.S. once was accustomed to the starving writer who did some of his most important work bargaining in hock shops and died broke, e.g., O. Henry and Edgar Allan Poe. It was also accustomed to the spectacularly rich writer who made a fortune with his gold-plated typewriter, e.g., James Hilton and Zane Grey. However true or false these extreme images may have been, they describe few living U.S. authors. In his *Democracy in America* (1835-1840), Alexis de Tocqueville said: "In democratic times the public frequently treat authors as kings do their courtiers; they enrich and despise them . . ." Few American

writers' economic situation. "Scrawny and having a rank odor," growls Novelist Kenneth Roberts. "Very discouraging," says J. P. Marquand, who adds: "It's harder for a writer to amass a fortune than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Writes Critic Malcolm Cowley in his appraisal of *The Literary Situation*: "Aside from the hard-working authors of textbooks, standard juveniles, mysteries and westerns, I doubt that 200 Americans earned the major portion of their income, year after year, by writing hard-cover books."

The 1950 census counted 16,184 authors in the U.S. (6,235 of them women). Their average income is \$3,000.⁶

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⁶ About the same as an apprentice bank teller. Elevator operators average \$1,500, industrial workers \$3,700.



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Visible Ghosts. Ultimately, the economic condition of the author is shaped by the publishers. The firms are still on the lookout for the magically popular novel, but advances are smaller than ten years ago (average: \$1,500). Emphasis has shifted to nonfiction that can be tailored to sell. Says one publishing executive: "We decide first of all, is there a market for this book, then second, whom could we get to do such a book and do it well." Many of these market-tested, self-help, how-to-do-it, picture, memoir, fad and stunt books are written by clergymen, dietitians, gardeners, gourmets, radio comedians, diplomats, psychoanalysts, and almost anyone but writers. The amateurs, of course, are provided with outlines, editors and, in many cases, ghosts (a ghost may earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a book, in addition to a whack of the royalties, and a particularly expert shade may even materialize in his own right on the title page). Many writers, submitting to the trend, have become what might be called visible ghosts—they spend increasingly more time writing fiction and non-fiction to publishers' orders and specifications.

In an age that values security, there is perhaps less security for the average creative writer than before. Says Malcolm Cowley: "I don't know whether insurance companies have tried to estimate the life expectancy of writers. Such figures, if compiled, might show that writing was one of the riskier occupations, comparable in its mortality rates with deep-sea diving, structural-steel working, and piloting experimental planes. A writer is always experimenting with new methods of soaring to heights or plunging into depths. He always has to struggle . . . and sometimes the fruits of the struggle are only exhaustion and discouragement."

The struggle seems to have become harder and the writer's willingness to struggle smaller. But the American writer can find his way into print between book covers—if he has talent, perseverance and ideas. It may be that, on balance, lack of ideas is more significant than lack of cash. Says James T. Farrell: "The question is not whether 200 writers are making a living but whether there are 200 writers in America who have something to say worth buying."

Medieval Tapestry

THE CORNERSTONE (482 pp.)—Zoé Oldenbourg—Pantheon (\$4.50).

This artfully written French historical novel plunges its readers into the violence of an epoch when knighthood was in flower but life was no bed of roses. Three generations of the House of Linnieres play out their lives against a background of medieval manners and 13th century skulduggery.

Old Ansiau, knight and onetime Crusader, sets out on a pilgrimage to Jeru-



Robert Cohn—APR

NOVELIST OLDENBOURG
Blood among the flowers.

salem, becomes blind on the way, is captured in the Holy Land by the infidel and lashed to a mill which he is forced to turn like an ox. His son Herbert le Gros, a gay blade who lives life to the hilt, meanwhile sticks to the manor, takes all the land and love he can get, and happily commits incest with his wild and passionate half sister, who hates him ("I shall . . . make his blood rot, send snakes to drink his eyes, and leeches to suck his heart").

The third generation has lost the lust for power but kept the impulse toward God. Young Haguenier, Herbert's son, is a moon-struck knight who has chosen to serve a frigid beauty and waits in vain for her to thaw. It is hard to believe that any man, saint or fool, would observe the formal demands of chivalry and obey each of his lady's whims (such as entering a joust in which his only shield is a mirror that must not be damaged). But Haguenier fulfills all his "trials" until he is driven to drink and finally into a monastery.

Russian-born Zoé Oldenbourg's complex tale of knights and knaves is packed with scenes of horror. Children are slaughtered, adolescent girls raped, women's breasts cut off, men's eyes torn out. But unlike most historical novelists, Author Oldenbourg does not indulge in bloodletting and vices for the sake of the thrill. She has merely held up a mirror to the 13th century so that her readers might know what it was like. Young Haguenier's marriage and romance show in painstaking detail how a young man of good family once lived, wedded and loved. Herbert's story is a chilling indication of what life could be like for serfs and the members of a noble family when the lord was hard, lewd and avaricious. Old Ansiau's pilgrimage, full of pathos and compassion, cuts to the heart of a century in which deep religious feeling and incredible brutality could exist side by side. In her novel (a Book-of-the-Month Club selection), Author Oldenbourg has woven a huge and intricate tapestry of a medieval society so successfully that most people will be happy to look at it—and even happier never to have been part of it.

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It Just Happened

FRAGEBOGEN (525 pp.)—Ernst von Salomon—Doubleday (\$6).

The biggest bestseller in postwar Germany is a well-written but viciously anti-American autobiography of a convicted murderer. The book: *Fragebogen* (The Questionnaire). The author: Ernst von Salomon, veteran of the roughneck Free Corps, which terrorized Germany after World War I and provided a recruitment pool for the Nazi SA and SS. The book has sold more than 250,000 copies in West Germany (the U.S. equivalent of about 750,000 copies). Published in Britain last April, it shocked reviewers of all political shades. American readers will also be shocked—and probably fascinated.

Passionately Passive. In 1922 Ernst von Salomon was an accomplice in the murder of Germany's moderate Foreign Minister Walther Rathenau and became a hero to Hitler's followers. Von Salomon was sent to prison for five years, thus making his place in the National Socialist Valhalla secure. Yet, after he was released, he managed to stay out of the Nazi Party while holding down a cushy job in the Nazi propaganda machine. He even managed to live with his Jewish mistress to the very end of World War II. From such a monstrous clever fellow it is reasonable to expect a monstrous clever book, and Ernst von Salomon has written it.

It is written in the form of answers to the 131 questions put to Nazis and suspected Nazis by the Allied Military Government. This somewhat naive effort to separate the good Germans from the bad gives Von Salomon the chance to spill his autobiography into a melodramatic mold. It also gives him a chance to write a slanted version of German history from 1918 to 1946, and to heap scorn on the Americans who imprisoned him for some months at the end of the war.

In effect, Von Salomon claims to have shied away from the Nazis because he despised them. Their goals were not so bad, though their excesses were perhaps unfortunate: Hitler sometimes struck him as being loathsome and Goebbels and Göring as too ridiculous and vulgar. He would not join them—he was never, apparently, convinced of their ultimate success—but neither did he feel that he wanted to speak against them. He decided to be a spectator. He saw many of his friends hunted down by the Nazis, realized sooner than most that Germany was being led to destruction, but from the first he remained passive: "I'm not an acceptor, I'm a passionately involved observer."

Observer von Salomon managed to stay out of uniform even when much older men were being called up. The former Free Corps machine gunner passed his physical easily. But when the examining officer asked worriedly if by chance he was a Jew, Von Salomon answered calmly: No, but a murderer. Military bureaucracy even under the Nazis boggled at commissioning a man with such qualifications. But the impasse was broken to everyone's



Dr. Ulrich Mohr

**AUTOBIOGRAPHER VON SALOMON
Murder got him to Valhalla.**

satisfaction: Von Salomon was ordered to Propaganda Boss Joseph Goebbels' movie industry as a writer for the duration.

U.S. Guttersnipes? Von Salomon is not content with trying to exonerate himself. According to him, no one was to blame for what happened in Germany. It just happened, and no one was responsible but "the times." Nazism was pretty much like anything else: "Perhaps all that can be done is to describe it as a phenomenon, as a byproduct of life, and like life to be immeasurable by any standard and equally shapeless." As for democracy, "I do not know what it is. . . . But I fear that Hitler's assertion—that his ideological concept was the democratic concept—will prove a hard one to refute." If he is not the former Nazis' favorite postwar writer, he should be.

For more than 100 pages, under the questionnaire heading "Remarks," Von Salomon pours out his hatred on Americans. Describing U.S.-run detention camps (those who worked in them will find them hard to recognize), he maintains that he was beaten and starved by sadistic U.S. soldiers who got fun out of shooting at aged prisoners and watching female prisoners humiliated. He lashes into U.S. "guttersnipes" until they begin to seem suspiciously like the Nazis.

There are in Von Salomon reflections of the things that made Hitler possible in Germany—moral core blindness, a dangerous half-intelligence that can rationalize even the most monstrous side of any case, self-pity mixed with arrogant selfishness. Yet it is clear that Von Salomon does not speak for all Germans, and it is hard to believe that he speaks even for an alarming or significant minority of them. There is a kind of totality, a rotten radiance about his cynicism which is rare in the worst of times or men.



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Martyr. In San Francisco, Mailman Charles W. O'Brien, 62, charged with tearing up third-class "junk" mail (merely addressed to "occupant" or "boxholder") and then throwing it down a sewer, was let off with only a year's probation by Federal Judge Louis E. Goodman, who remarked: "Maybe he was performing a public service."

Induction. In Milwaukee, sheriff's deputies investigating a burglary at Brynwood Country Club noted a child's sled missing, followed the runner tracks for five miles, finally found Claude W. Harmon, 33, doggedly trudging along pulling a sledload of three cocktail tables, two end tables, twelve tablecloths, 31 napkins, one wastebasket, one topcoat, assorted glass and silverware.

Acquired Taste. In Baltimore, Herbert Jackson, 62, was awarded a divorce from Mrs. Bonnie Jackson, 54, after he explained that he had answered her lonely hearts ad describing her as 5 ft. 4 in. and 118 lbs., was taken aback to find that she "was about 450 lbs. and over 6 ft. tall," and that although he "tried to handle her as best I could," she proved "too much for me when she grabbed the kettle and scalded me, and then shot at me and then left me, saying I didn't appreciate a fat woman."

Wrong Combination. In Syracuse, N.Y., ex-Convict Russell Bryant, 51, was unable to force a railroad-office strongbox, spent \$31 in taxicab fares hauling it around to friends who also failed to open it, in disgust tossed it into the Seneca River, learned to his dismay after being arrested and sentenced to 20 years that it contained \$13 in postage stamps and 44 pencils.

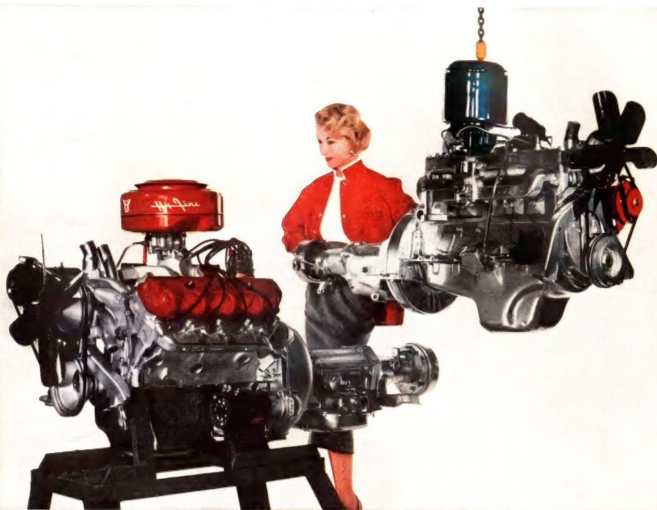
Tongue Looseners. In San Francisco, when Police Officers Milton Piro and Clem DeAmicas spotted and approached a stolen Cadillac, the two cigar-smoking teen-agers inside complained that they were hungry, promised to talk if they were fed, after one order of waffles led the officers to a stolen stripped-down car in an alley, after the second order led them to another car, after the third order produced two more and were turned over to juvenile authorities.

Holiday Spirit. In Rutland, Vt., Laborer Robert Woodward, 37, well fortified with alcohol, decided to pay a holiday visit to his 71-year-old, bedridden mother at East Poultny, lost control of his dump truck on a curve as he was approaching his destination, caromed off a tree and into his mother's cottage, knocked the cottage off its foundation and his mother out of bed and into the arms of son Ronald, with whom she was conversing, was hauled into court and pleaded guilty to charges of driving while drunk and without a license.



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